SEPTEMBER 26, 1983 $1.75

TIME

CONGRESS VS. PRESIDENT
Arguing the U.S. Military Role in Lebanon

THEODORE H. WHITE ON CHINA

Banishing Mao's Ghost

Deng Xiaoping

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SEPTEMBER 26, 1983 Vol. 122 No. 13 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

In September 1939 a fledgling journalist named Theodore H. White left Chongqing (Chungking), China's wartime capital, for Shanxi province, 800 miles away. On assignment for TIME, White journeyed to the northern region to report on a remote battlefield where Chinese troops, contrary to expectations, had been holding their lines for months against Japanese attacks. The account of his trip through the rain-sodden Chin River Valley appeared in the Dec. 18, 1939, issue. "All through the valley," White wrote, "tiny Japanese garrisons were mired in mud, unable to communicate with one another and slowly starving. When off duty, simple soldiers would sneak out of their garrison posts in twos and threes and rove the countryside looking for abandoned chickens and eggs—many were caught and killed by the Chinese. The Chinese have advanced during the war from a fourth-rate army to a second-rate army. [It] has spirit. It glows. The men are willing to die. They mix and tangle with the Japanese with a burning hate that is good." The dispatch was given a byline, the first exception ever made by TIME Founder Henry R. Luce to his 16-year rule of anonymous journalism in TIME.

JANG YUAN YUAN

Returnee Theodore H. White in Peking's Bei Hai Park

White, who ably reported from Asia until 1945, went on to become a bestselling author of books about China, post–World War II Europe and U.S. presidential contests. Last spring he returned to China for a long look at the policies and processes that have transformed the country over the past 38 years. "I was free to go where I wanted," says White, "and I did, for seven weeks, with only my escort of two interpreters. I got a lot of information by just stopping our car and getting out to talk to peasants along the road: 'What are your crops? How much rent do you pay? Does your wife keep chickens?' I found I could still jabber away to a peasant, even though my Chinese had almost rusted away."

The resulting narrative, which appears in this issue, was edited by Assistant Managing Editor Ronald Kriss, who also excerpted White's 1978 book *In Search of History* for TIME. Reporter-Researcher Peggy Berman, who checked the independently verifiable material in the manuscript, had also worked with White on the earlier excerpts. Says Kriss: "White has a keen sense of drama and a great fascination with place. It is a pleasure to have his work in TIME once again."

John a. Meyer

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Cover: Illustration by Kinuko Craft

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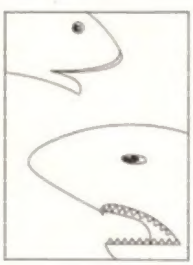

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Are the media giving us the facts?

5. The myth of the threatened First Amendment

To hear the media tell it, the First Amendment is in grave danger. Are they crying "wolf"?

In recent libel trials, when juries have awarded plaintiffs large judgments, news accounts articulated almost unanimously the line adopted by many media spokesmen and their lawyers: The verdict will imperil the media's ability to inform the public, "chilling" or eliminating investigative reporting. They ignored the jury findings that the newspaper or TV show being sued had knowingly given the public false information. Thus, they seem to be advocating that reporters should have the absolute right to destroy the reputation of a person and be immune from liability regardless of fault or motive. But if the press were really immune from liability, eventually would anyone believe the press?

Similar outcries followed the 1979 *Herbert* decision, in which the Supreme Court ruled that journalists accused of libeling public figures could not rely on the First Amendment to avoid answering questions about their "state of mind." Responding to what he termed "a virtually unprecedented outpouring of scathing criticism," Supreme Court Justice Brennan observed that "...the inquiry into a defendant's state of mind, into his intent, is one of the most common procedures in the law.... And, in the area of libel, it would scarcely be fair to say that a plaintiff can only recover if he establishes intentional falsehood and at the same time to say that he cannot inquire into a defendant's intentions."

In recent years, the media have been remarkably successful in securing special protections against liability for publishing erroneous information. Yet as noted by Edward L. Barrett, Jr., Professor of Law, University of California at Davis, "...the press greets each decision that refuses to extend those protections even further as an unwarranted restriction of freedom of the press, as a retreat from the essential values of the First Amendment...."

Under the special rules which now apply, a person suing for libel who is considered a public figure must: 1) prove the story was untrue; 2) prove that he was harmed; 3) prove that there was fault (negligence) on the part of the publication; and 4) prove the stories were written in reckless disregard for the truth (malice). The "malice" doctrine, an extraordinary insulation from libel responsibility awarded the press by the Supreme Court in its 1964 *New York Times vs. Sullivan* decision, is a privilege unmatched in any other democratic society.

Even so, some members of the media and media advocates argue for further easing of libel laws. For example, Anthony Lewis of *The New York Times* has proposed abolition of punitive damages in libel actions, suggesting that suits should result only in a judicial finding and a published correction. The American Civil Liberties Union goes even further, proposing that nothing published about the public conduct of a public figure be a valid basis for a libel action.

Yet what would such total immunity from liability do to the believability of the press? The credibility of the media is already at an all-time low. In 1981 opinion surveys, only 24 percent of the public expressed a great deal of confidence in television news, and only 16% had that level of confidence in the press as a whole—a dramatic drop from 1973. By contrast, 29% believed fraudulent reporting to be very common, and fully 97% believed the press guilty of some fraudulent reporting.

According to lawyer Jonathan Lubell, the recent trend of jurors finding against the press in libel suits "indicate(s) that the public believes that the media generally look at themselves as answerable to nobody, and the public wants the media to be answerable like any institution."

Rightly or wrongly, at any given time, the public can withdraw the privileges it has accorded the media if they are no longer serving the public interest. All the free institutions in our society are constantly subjected to this test, and the media do themselves no good in seeking special immunity through fostering the myth of the threatened First Amendment.

By crying "wolf" too often, the media may well bring the wolf to their door.

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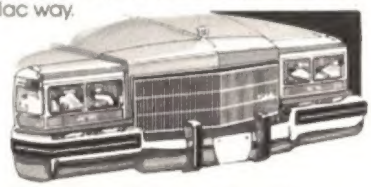

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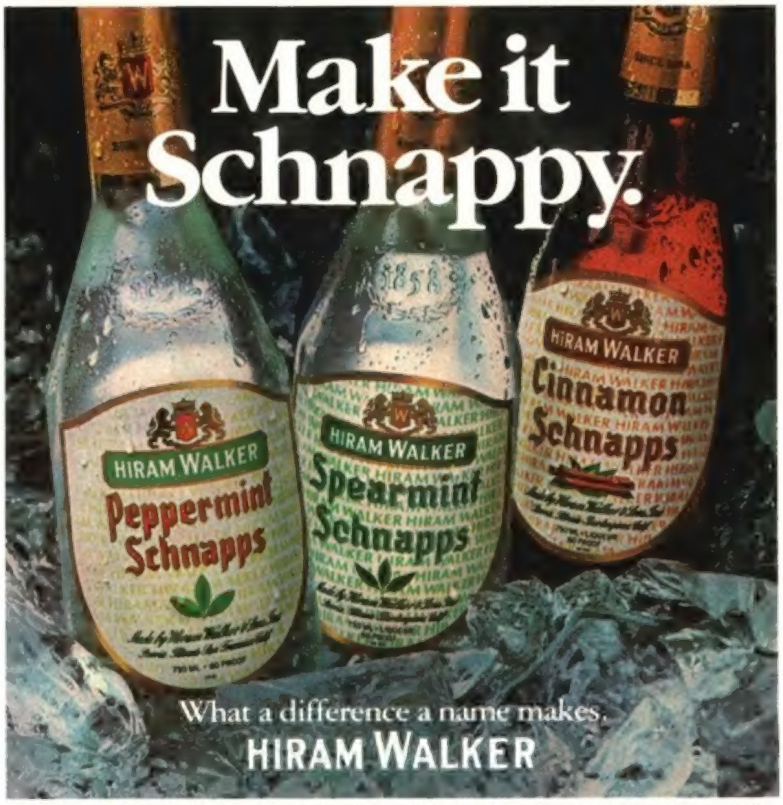

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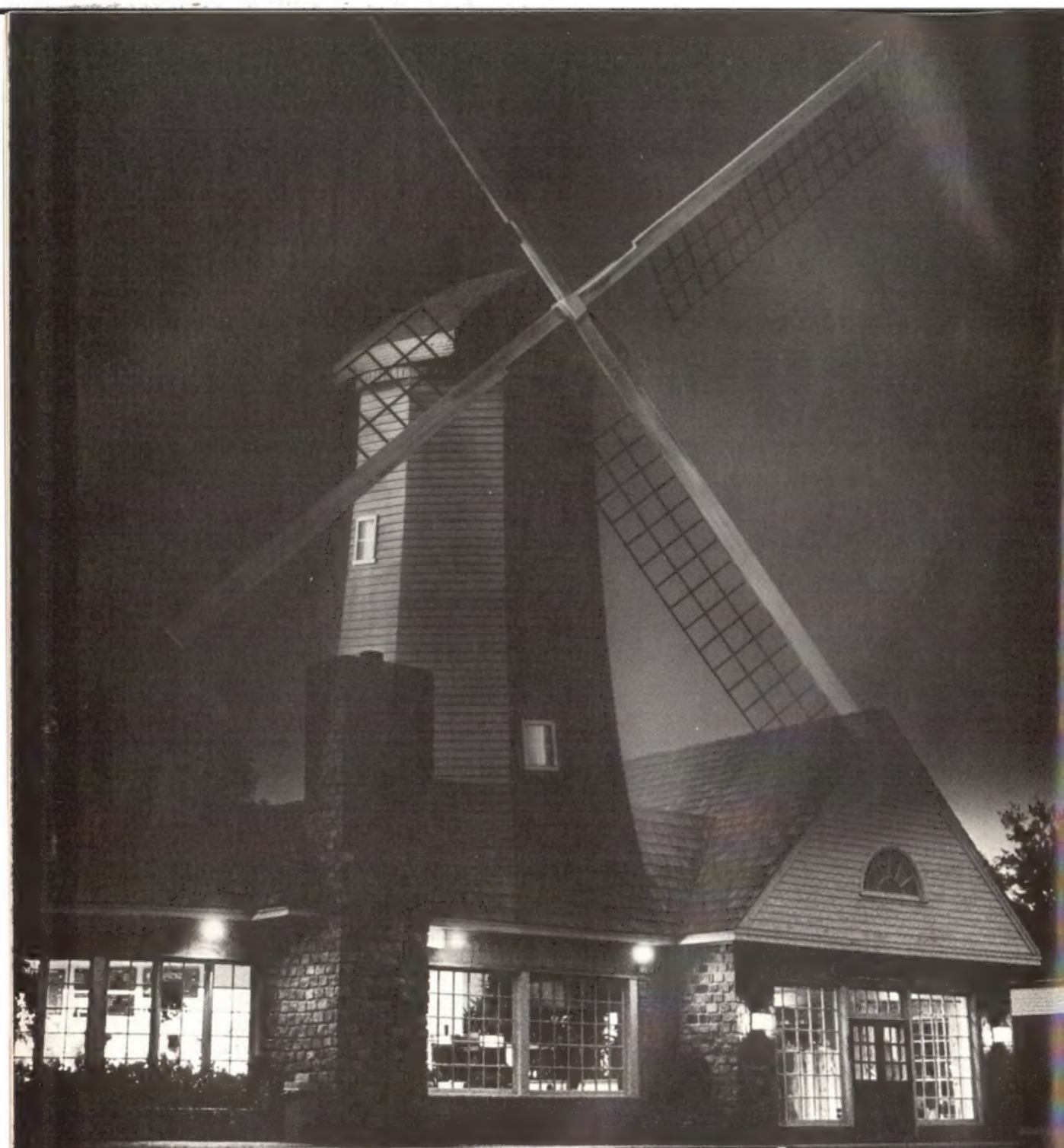

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Letters

Crimes at Home

To the Editors.

As a therapist working with brutal offenders, I am amazed by American reactions to private violence [Sept. 5]. Considering that more jail time can be given to a man for shooting a bald eagle than for molesting a child, it is no wonder that the violence perpetuates itself.

Bill Seals
Director of Sexual Assault Services
The Center for Behavior Therapy, Inc
Minneapolis

The only way I could get your story off my mind was to do volunteer work for two local child-help centers.

Kathryn Willingham
Macon, Ga.

I am disgusted by the animalistic crime of rape. But the statement made by Bert Graham of Houston's district attorney's office, "Now juries are quick to side with the complainant," prompted visions of future injustice. Awakening people to a crime like rape is fine, but we must be careful to keep public opinion out of our court system.

Mike R. Midkiff
Huntington, W. Va.

Your article on wife beating ended too optimistically. I am a domestic relations attorney who has spent the past four years representing battered wives. Before marriage, many of the women had already been physically violated by their prospective husbands. So, women, please beware! If he hits you during the courting period, he most assuredly will hit you again after marriage.

Sandra W. Barron
Rockville, Md.

I do not know whether to thank you for your horrifyingly graphic report on personal violence. Perhaps when I catch my breath I can decide.

Mary Ann Reitzel
Van Wert, Ohio

Recently an editorial in a local newspaper declared that only "sensationalism sells papers." That means your article should do very well. It glorifies the suffering, the horror and the perversion of our fellow humans. But your reporting does not explain why political, religious, social and educational leaders have so far failed to reduce our preoccupation with sex; nor does it give any satisfactory reasons why the media, the arts and particularly the press continue using sex and violence as means to exploit the public.

Henry J. Themal
Hartsdale, N.Y.

Space should be devoted to silent sufferers subjected to yet another crime, called mental cruelty, a kind of spiritual torture. One hears about husbands who exercise their macho attitudes without physically abusing their wives but who create Kafkaesque nightmares in their everyday lives. Cruelty between two partners is often too subtle to be snared in the nets of social and judicial justice.

Maria Beran
Welwyn Garden City, England

There is a message missing in your child abuse article: Turn the molester in! Speak up if you know or suspect something. It may be too late for some children, but others can be saved from injury. Turning in a violator is not revenge. It helps the child and the abuser.

James Isaak
Northboro, Mass.

Murder in Manila

I am sickened by the assassination of Benigno Aquino [Sept. 5]. In all the furor over human rights in Afghanistan, Iran, El Salvador and Soviet-bloc countries, the U.S. has consistently overlooked the atrocities committed in the Philippines. Now is the time to take a close look at what is happening there and with whom we are allying ourselves.

Joann Cole
Newport Beach, Calif.

For an American President to lend legitimacy to the Marcos regime by paying it a state visit would be an insult to the dignity and values of the American and Filipino people. The notion that the use of the Philippine bases is dependent on the good will of President Marcos is as wrongheaded as the thought that it is in the American interest to support and strengthen his regime. American security is not enhanced thereby, injustice is.

Herb Frank
Medford, Ore.

Having lived in Manila as a foreigner for the past two years, I know the people are too scared to speak out against the corruption that goes on within the government. The lack of freedom experienced by Filipinos leads one to speculate on the true assassin of the former Senator. It is unsettling to think that a government possesses the power to cover up such an act.

Carin E. Freeman
Washington, D.C.

The anxieties TIME expresses about Philippine stability in the wake of the Aquino shooting echo the fears and doubts voiced about American democracy after the killing of the Kennedy brothers and Martin Luther King Jr. in the 1960s. No society ever really depends for its survival on any individual, no matter how commanding or heroic. Marcos is in good health, but if he is unable to carry on, the 1973 constitution lays down an orderly method of succession.

We join in grief over the tragedy. The government will leave no stone unturned to get to the bottom of things. We ask that the independent commission of inquiry not be prejudged.

Gregorio S. Cendana
Minister, Office of Media Affairs
Republic of the Philippines
Manila

Global Gullivers

It is one shock and disappointment after another. If our elected representatives in Washington are not raising their pay in devious ways, they are involved in sordid sexual adventures. Now we learn that they are living the life Riley never aspired to, traveling the world over at the taxpayers' expense [Sept. 5], with no legitimate end in view. Is it any wonder that Senators and Congressmen are viewed by the U.S. public as less trustworthy than used-car salesmen?

Warren S. Josephy
New York City

Truly Mozart

The real problem with the original-instruments movement described in your story "Letting Mozart Be Mozart" [Sept. 5] is that performances too often sound cold, clinical, antiseptic. For all their lack of authenticity, I still find the recordings of Mozart by Sir Thomas Beecham and the incomparable Busch brothers far more alive and satisfying and ultimately more faithful to the composer than those of Harnoncourt, Leonhardt and others.

Donald Wilson
Clayton, Mo.

The idea that 18th century music should be played only on 18th century instruments is based on a faulty assumption: that there are two homogeneous and isolated categories of musical instruments, period and modern. Instruments have always changed because musicians want the best ones they can find. This constant search for refinement is part of the innermost soul of living music.

Mats Moberg
Hisings Backa, Sweden

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Letters

Replaying the Rosenbergs

I am the sister of Julius Rosenberg and am responding to your book review of *The Rosenberg File* by Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton [Aug. 22]. The lies and smears prevalent to this day have blinded Radosh and Milton to the truth of the Rosenbergs' total innocence.

The Rosenbergs were not martyrs. They cherished life and wanted to live and see their sons grow up, but not at the price of surrendering their dignity and lying, as did the Government's star witness, David Greenglass. Had the Rosenbergs been guilty as charged, they would be alive today! It wasn't the Rosenbergs who committed "the crime of the century" but J. Edgar Hoover, who was desperately searching for radicals in the early 1950s and was falsely accusing left-wing dissidents of espionage.

Ethel Rosenberg Appel
New York City

Pared-Down Surgery

Your article on independent operating clinics [Sept. 5] reminded me of my home leave from Africa six years ago, when I consulted a physician about removing a benign but unsightly tumor from my arm. He said I would have to enter the hospital on Wednesday afternoon, have surgery Thursday afternoon (general anesthesia), and *maybe* I would go home Friday afternoon. I opted not to have the surgery. Back in Africa, I consulted a physician at a mission hospital, where I went in for surgery at 4 p.m. (local anesthesia), walked out at 5:30 p.m. and never had any problems. It's good to see the U.S. is finally catching up with the Third World.

Leslie Ekstrom
Reston, Va.

Calling Cars

Expanding on the article "Christening Cars" [Sept. 5], I wonder if it is coincidence or competition that the Big Three have three cars named after cities in southern Spain. General Motors has its Seville, Ford has its Granada, and Chrysler its Cordoba.

Melvin T. Bishop
West Hartford, Conn.

With so many cars named after the swift and the strong in the animal kingdom, one name has been overlooked—the cheetah, said to be the swiftest animal on earth. Because of all the many recalls plaguing the car industry, this name would certainly cover all bases.

Vincent J. Unger
Payson, Ariz.

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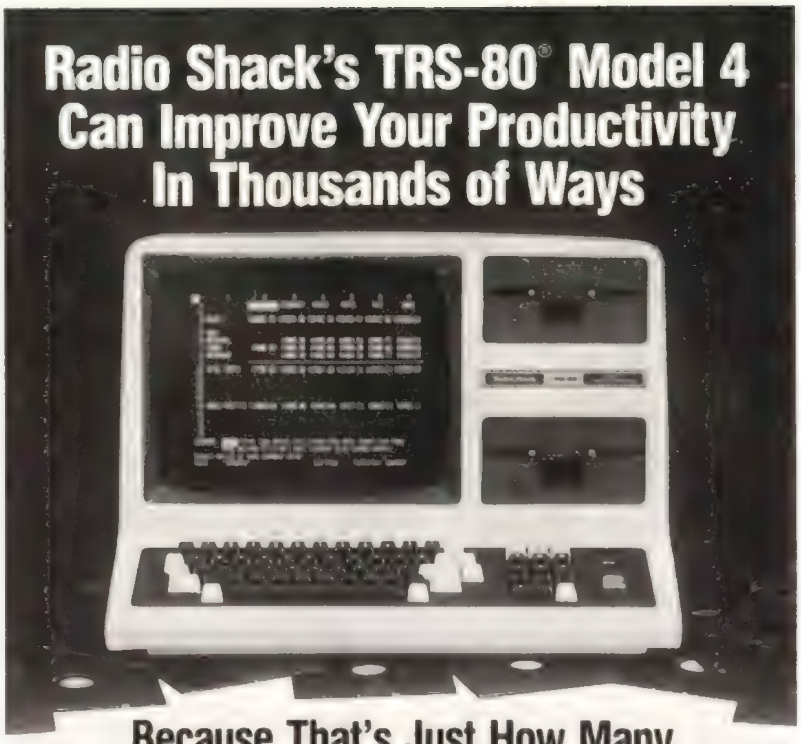

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In Indiana: A Resurrection from Desuetude

At the big bash in 1908: Ade, right, with William Howard Taft in Ade's front yard

The postman arrives with a letter calling one's attention to the late George Ade, of Brook, Ind., 80 miles southeast of Chicago. Who? "He belongs in the historical category of Mark Twain," the letter informs, "and Will Rogers, whose philosophy was influenced by George Ade. His celebrous role deserves to be revivified." Did curiosity ever *really* kill a cat? To the telephone.

John R. Funk, a retired seed-corn executive and president of the George Ade Memorial Association, comes on the line with directions to the old Ade estate as if it blocks out more Indiana sky than a grain elevator. "Two miles east of Brook, on Indiana 16," he says, neglecting to say there is no interstate exit for Brook, nor for Highway 16, and not saying, too, that the signs at the town of Brook proclaim a population of 914 and a ban on peddlers and solicitors, but do not mention Ade. Found in the flesh, Funk, a courtly study in seersucker, points to a sign outside the manor and speaks of it as if to miss it is to overlook a whale.

"That sign cost us 2,000 bucks," he boasts. "It's guaranteed for a lifetime, although I don't know whose lifetime. The manufacturer says it's guaranteed against everything but a kid with a rifle." As if on cue, a flat, thwacking sound ends his sentence. It turns out to be the slamming of a golf ball on the golf course George Ade had built next to his house. On the other side of the house is a 63-bed hospital, whose construction George Ade suggested in his will, since everybody knows the only place you can find a doctor is on a golf course.

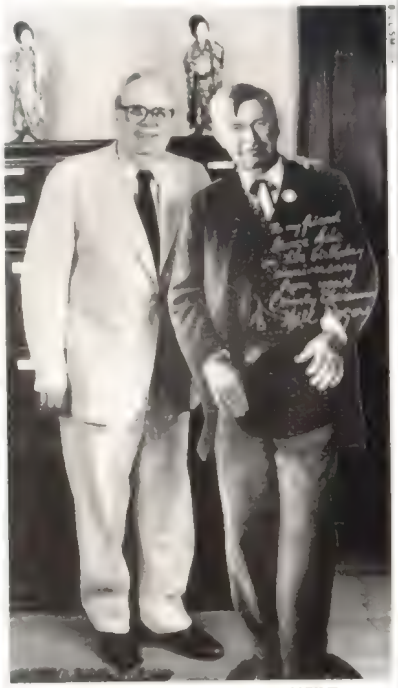
Fiddling with the door lock on the Tudor-style mansion, Funk says it will rain today. The countryside hums with farm machinery and insects. Inside, the house smells, the way old houses tend to, moist and rich, as if someone had enclosed a creek bottom. Late summer motes settle gently on the esoteric acquisitions of the once famous George Ade. Here a Grecian urn, there a Waterford crystal punch bowl that, when flicked crisply with a fingernail, keeps ringing clearly long after the flicker has left the room.

As the tour continues, Funk, 63 and silver-haired, allows that he never met Ade, who died in 1944, but that he used to sneak a nighttime swim in the Ade swimming pool. In the study, the guide explains that 20 years ago the only occupants of this house, where Will Rogers had slept and where two generations of old soldiers—Teddy Roosevelt and Douglas MacArthur among them—had come to pay respects, were raccoons and bees, them and the prairie winds. Ade had never married, and the house called Hazelden belonged to Newton County, a caretaker with more important fish to fry. Finally, in the course of raising funds to build the hospital, somebody suggested something be done about Hazelden. Enter the George Ade Memorial Association, formed in 1963, and 20 years and $100,000 later Hazelden has been brought back from desuetude. The association now desires a second restoration: George Ade's reputation.

The crusade is not unique. Nearly every county lays claim to historical figures, famous and obscure. Colbert County, Ala., has Helen Keller; Gwinnett County, Ga., has Button Gwinnett (he signed the Declaration of Independence). The efforts share a commonness in that they are inevitably engineered by a knot of people who have the time on their hands to pursue funds while the county at large shies away from one more hungry charity. Where the Ade proposition differs from the rest is in its aim to bring a forgotten dead man back to prominence. On the other hand, it is like the rest in that it has a difficult time raising interest locally.

In George Ade's time, this was a section of the country where a portraitist might just as easily be commissioned for an oil painting of a prize bull as for a rendering of sweet Aunt Sara. Newton County has not changed that much, 117 years after Ade's birth. In his home, in fact, in a room given over to Newton County achievements, is a likeness of a much fancied four-footed sire. The point here is that Ade came from a patch where agrarian successes overshadow, even undermine, feats of the pen. (Ade's tool was a pen, an ignorant pilgrim finds.)

John Funk is at his best bringing the unlettered into the fold. As rain falls on Indiana, just as he predicted, he takes his leave for a personal restorative, a whisky. In the parting, he hands over a key to Ade's house, the admonition to read the fellow's papers gathered here, and the vow to make a television documentary on



Funk with autographed blowup of Will Rogers

American Scene

George Ade. That done, he will bring Ade's books back into print. A wet dirt smell is on the air.

The critic Jean Shepherd, research reveals, wrote in 1961 that he and S.J. Perelman were at one in the opinion that George Ade was "undoubtedly one of the greatest humorists, if not the most outstanding humorist, America has yet come up with." Shepherd noted sadly that Ade had been reduced to nothing more than a three-letter word meaning Indiana humorist in the Sunday New York *Times* crossword puzzle. Mark Twain once wrote that his admiration for Ade's work "has overflowed all limits, all frontiers." In turn, William Dean Howells' summation of Ade's craft: "His portrayal of life is almost absolute." Not to go hog-wild on this matter, however, it should be mentioned that H.L. Mencken checked in on the subject with typical Mencken tartness of tongue. He called Ade "a boor with a touch of genius."

In 1899 a book called *Fables in Slang* made Ade famous. More books followed, then plays. *The Sultan of Sulu*, *The College Widow* and *The County Chairman* gave him enough Broadway money to make him rich. He entertained sumptuously. To his brother, who griped about his wastrel spending, Ade said, "I never saw a pocket on a shroud." After dismissing his sibling's carping, Ade went on to give the biggest bash in Newton County history: 75 years ago this month, with 25,000 fried-chicken eaters attending, William Howard Taft launched his presidential campaign from Ade's front yard.

Somehow the written stuff just did not stand up beyond the '20s. Some said its Gay Nineties flippancy got lost in the Depression, but there are scholars who now maintain that many of the fables are as fresh today as they were on a faraway yesterday. Frequently cited is the "Fable of the Slim Girl Who Tried to Keep a Date That Was Never Made." It begins, "Once upon a time there was a slim girl with a forehead which was shiny and protuberant, like a Bartlett pear." It goes on to explain she was a woman of ideals and high moral purpose in a town too tiny for such values, and it ends, a scant 300 words later, with the disclosure that she finished out her years in penury with a man so backward he "believed everything he read in the Sunday papers." On the eve of his 75th birthday, Ade heard a Hoosier radio announcer wish him happy returns. He told a friend, "It's nice not to be forgotten." For the most part, he already was.

This time of year, late afternoon rain seems to paint a purple dusk over George Ade's village. Against such light, people scurrying home for supper were interrupted fleetingly and asked just what it was George Ade did. For every correct answer there was a wrong one, such as these:

"Some big farmer."

"A Chicago tycoon who came down here to relax."

And to think he had had seven plays on Broadway in three years! To Hollywood, George Ade had said, "I shall be glad to consider any insulting offer."

It is precisely this sort of wit, self-deprecating yet stinging, that causes, long after dark, a meddler in George Ade's affairs to draw up short from mourning the writer's lapse into nearly utter neglect. Further, an exploration of Ade's papers begets the notion that perhaps Ade himself would not appreciate John Funk & Co.'s fuss. It would appear he devoted the second half of his life to parties, travel, golf. He did not brood; he indulged himself. And in a short autobiography, after a perfunctory recitation of his literary triumphs, he chose to give equal time to a note that "under an alphabetical arrangement, my name was first on the list of those selected to direct the efforts of the Association for the Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment." He seemed to be saying that championing the return of strong drink was as fine a thing as anything he had ever done. Having reached this warm conclusion, George Ade's latest guest found liquor in the pantry.

—*By Gregory Jaynes*

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As a U.S. helicopter circles above, a Marine looks through binoculars toward the Chouf

The *New Jersey* moves through the Panama Canal

Nation

TIME/ SEPTEMBER 26, 1983

Deeper into Lebanon

The Administration acts to strengthen, and justify, the Marines' position

In Washington, as in Lebanon, it was a week of false hopes. Day after day, the reports from Beirut suggested that the fighting in Lebanon's Chouf Mountains was just about over, thereby reducing the threat to the lives of the 1,200 U.S. Marines dug in around Beirut International Airport. But the ground combat and the artillery fire persisted as the fledgling Lebanese Army fought Syrian-backed Druze forces for control of the strategic hill town of Suq al Gharb. The Marines, after savoring a brief lull in artillery fire directed at the airport, were forced back into their bunkers when mortar rounds began falling near them. And as they hunkered down, a political battle erupted in Washington between Congress and the President over the thorny issue of who has final authority to keep U.S. forces deployed in a foreign combat zone.

For most of the week, the Administration was heartened by repeated predictions from the Middle East that the peacemaking efforts of U.S. Special Envoy Robert McFarlane were about to pay off in the form of a cease-fire. By week's end it seemed clear, however, that the mission's chances for success were slim, largely because Syrian President Hafez Assad was determined either to bring down the Lebanese government of President Amin Gemayel or bend it to Syria's will.

Throughout the week, the Administration demonstrated the seriousness of its commitment to help solve the crisis in Lebanon. The number of U.S. naval vessels standing off the Lebanese coast reached twelve with the arrival from the Indian Ocean of a three-ship amphibious force. Aboard were 2,000 more Marines, who would be available for duty onshore if necessary. Those vessels, which include the nuclear-powered carrier *Eisenhower*, will be joined some time this week by the battleship *New Jersey*, whose 16-in. guns could flatten unfriendly artillery positions up to 23 miles inland.

Then, in a specific effort to improve both the security and the morale of U.S. troops on the ground in Lebanon, the Administration announced that the Marines had been authorized to call for air strikes and naval gunfire from the U.S. fleet, not only for themselves but also for the French, Italian and British contingents of the multinational peace-keeping force and, if necessary, for the beleaguered Lebanese Army.

In the U.S., even as the nation mourned the deaths of four Marines over the past three weeks, questions increased concerning the extent of the U.S. military role in Lebanon. Senators and Congressmen debated whether the Administration should not be obliged under the present circumstances to make itself, and its Middle East policy, more accountable to Congress by invoking the provisions of the 1973 War Powers Act *(see box)*.

Just back from vacations at home, many members of Congress were fearful that the U.S. was becoming too deeply involved in Lebanon. Some also were concerned that the deployment of Marines in that country would set an unwelcome

President Reagan in a White House ceremony

The mission's purpose remains the same.

to join other U.S. naval vessels off the Lebanese coast

A Marine Harrier jet hovers above the U.S.S. *Tarawa*

precedent for the use of troops in Central America, and they decided to call the President on the issue.

Despite such worries, a large number of Congressmen and Senators of both parties happen to agree with Reagan that the Marines should be in Lebanon, at least for the moment. For political reasons, the President would welcome some formal congressional support for his policies, but not at the price of losing the right to keep the Marines in Lebanon as long as he judges it to be necessary. House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill Jr. of Massachusetts offered a resolution that would authorize Reagan to maintain the Marines in Lebanon for 18 more months, after which he would have to ask Congress for an extension. When the Administration replied that this would be too strict, and some Democrats in the House complained that it was too generous, O'Neill announced that he was withdrawing the resolution in order to "regroup."

In the Senate, Minority Leader Robert C. Byrd of West Virginia argued that in light of the "changed circumstances" in Lebanon, meaning the outbreak of fighting, "full congressional participation is now required." Republican Charles Mathias of Maryland proposed authorizing Marine deployment for six months. "There is no question of whether U.S. troops are engaged in hostilities," he declared. "The facts speak for themselves."

Apart from the War Powers Act, the questions raised by the conflict in Lebanon were complex enough by themselves. They were made more so by the fact that the nation is already in the early stages of a presidential election campaign. The President sent the Marines to Lebanon in the first place to assist in the withdrawal of the Palestinian guerrillas from West Beirut and to help maintain the peace while the new Lebanese government gradually took charge. Much has happened since then, including the failure of the Syrians and the Israelis to withdraw from Lebanon, and the outbreak of fighting among the various Lebanese factions. But the original purpose of the Marines' mission remains approximately the same: to help a central Lebanese government hold together one of the most fractious of nations.

Administration officials remain convinced that they have enough congressional support to continue with the present policies. Indeed, they see no alternative to those policies under existing circumstances. To withdraw U.S. troops would signal a full-scale retreat by the U.S. not only from Lebanon but from the Middle East. Gemayel's government would certainly fall, Lebanon might very well disintegrate, and the way would be paved for Syrian and eventually perhaps Soviet domination of the region. On the other hand, to increase the U.S. troop commitment in Lebanon, even if Congress went along with such a move, would heighten the risk that the U.S. would get caught in the middle of an unpopular and probably unwinnable civil war. Like almost everyone else, the Administration has been disappointed in Gemayel's performance as President and has prodded him to try harder and faster to achieve a national consensus. Gemayel is hated by the Syrians, distrusted by the Israelis and opposed even by some of the Phalangists, whose primary loyalty is to his father Pierre. But Amin remains the President and the man whom the U.S. must work with. So the Reagan Administration's strategy remains, to maintain a military commitment in Lebanon while seeking a diplomatic solution, first to the fighting and then to the continued presence of foreign forces in that country.

Senator Robert Byrd in Washington

A showdown was just ahead.

In his frantic negotiations, Special Envoy McFarlane has been trying to bring about a political coalition between the Christian-dominated Gemayel government and its Druze and Muslim opponents. Specifically, the plan calls for a cease-fire, to be guaranteed by a committee made up of representatives from the Lebanese Army and the Christian and Druze communities. The plan also calls for a "national dialogue" leading to greater participation of the Druze and the Shi'ite Muslims in the central government. The plan was enthusiastically endorsed by Saudi Arabia, which sent an emissary, Prince Bandar bin Sultan, to Syria and Lebanon last week to solicit their support.

The Lebanese were greatly cheered when the prince arrived, figuring that a cease-fire might be at hand. That night they stayed close to their radios and television sets awaiting news of an agreement. Instead, they heard only further details about the fighting at Suq al Gharb. Prince Bandar had met with Gemayel and other Lebanese officials but failed to reach a settlement. Then he flew on to Cyprus and Damascus, then back to Saudi Arabia, leaving the Lebanese more depressed than ever.

The chief sticking point in the draft proposal concerned the future status of the Lebanese Army. The Druze leadership under Walid Jumblatt declared last week that the Druze were not seeking a separate state or canton for themselves, but a more

equitable power-sharing arrangement under a unified Lebanese government. That is a reasonable aim, since political power in Lebanon has traditionally been divided principally between Maronite Christians and Sunni Muslims, with only a small share for the Druze, the Shi'ite Muslims and the Greek Orthodox Christians, among others. The Druze also demanded that the Lebanese Army withdraw from Suq al Gharb so that the Druze might check on the welfare of their own people at Kafr Matta, the scene of an alleged massacre of Druze villagers by Christian militia forces.

Lebanese Army soldiers carry a comrade wounded at Suq al Gharb

The Syrians and the Druze also demanded assurances that the Gemayel government would not use its army in future domestic conflicts, but that request was obviously unreasonable. In refusing it, Gemayel pointed out that any government must put its armed forces wherever they are needed. He might have added that the Lebanese Army has turned out to be more successful as a national institution than anybody had expected, and in fact is just about the only thing that the Gemayel government has going for it.

The behavior of the Syrians in the negotiations convinced U.S. diplomats that the Assad government was not interested in a fair compromise. Said a discouraged U.S. diplomat: "The Syrians are making demands designed, in effect, to steal the legitimacy of the Lebanese government." Their real aim, in the U.S. view, is to hasten Gemayel's demise and replace him with a government that Syria can control. Failing that, the Syrians will do their best to reduce the small portion of Lebanon that Gemayel actually controls. At the moment, his government's franchise extends scarcely beyond the city limits of Beirut, and even in some sections of the capital its control is shaky.

The Syrians appeared last week to be making much progress toward achieving their ends. Intense fighting continued at Suq al Gharb, which lies only nine miles east of the capital and has a commanding position overlooking both the city and the airport, and at other villages in the Aley area, as Druze forces stepped up their efforts to drive the Lebanese Army out of the hills. Resisting the Druze pressure, the Gemayel government insisted that the Druze forces were being heavily reinforced by troops from Syria and a rebel faction of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Many Lebanese, especially the Christians, have long been fearful that somehow the Palestinian guerrillas, in one guise or another, would find a way to slip back

Getting into the Act

When President Reagan and Congress jousted last week over the question of their respective roles in Lebanon, they focused attention on a much debated, little understood piece of legislation: the War Powers Resolution. Passed in 1973, when the Viet Nam War was raging, the act was intended to limit a President's ability to wage undeclared war without congressional consent.

The resolution has two provisions. First, when U.S. forces "equipped for combat" are deployed abroad on anything other than routine training exercises, the President must inform Congress of that fact within 48 hours. Second, if troops are sent to situations where "imminent involvement in hostilities" is likely, the President must notify Congress within 48 hours. In this case, however, notification starts an imaginary clock running. Unless Congress declares war or authorizes the deployment to continue, the resolution requires the President to withdraw the forces within 60 days (the period can be extended to 90 days by presidential fiat). If he fails to act, the resolution also empowers Congress to force a pullout by passing a "concurrent resolution," which cannot be vetoed by the President.

Which of those two key parts of the law applies to the Lebanon deployment? If, as the White House maintains, the Marines were merely "equipped for combat" when fighting took place near their positions on Aug. 28, then the President complied with the law fully on Aug. 30, when he sent Congress a letter to that effect. But many Congressmen, pointing to the mounting Marine casualties and the recent decision to award the troops combat pay, assert that the soldiers faced "imminent involvement in hostilities." If so, then the law requires congressional approval in some form if the Marines are to be allowed to remain beyond Oct. 26 (or Nov. 27, provided Reagan opts for an extension).

Congress evidently lost the power to order the troops out earlier by "concurrent resolution" when the Supreme Court last June declared that such "legislative vetoes" were unconstitutional. Last week, when Senate Minority Leader Robert Byrd of West Virginia introduced compromise legislation regarding the Marine deployment, it was in the form of a "joint resolution," meaning that it requires the President's signature to become law. Apparently unaffected by the court's ruling, however, is the requirement that the troops be withdrawn if Congress fails to approve their mission within 60 (or 90) days. Congressional leaders are determined to see that provision obeyed. "We've made our point clear," Byrd announced. "Congress intends to be involved."

The debate over the President's power to send in the Marines without congressional approval is nearly as old as the Republic. The Constitution is ambiguous on the matter. On the one hand, it designates the President as Commander in Chief of all U.S. military forces. On the other, it gives Congress the power to "declare war" and "raise armies." In practice, Presidents have traditionally enjoyed wide latitude in sending U.S. troops into dangerous situations, and Congress has rarely complained. But in the early 1970s, many legislators were troubled that Presidents Johnson and Nixon had been able to send hundreds of thousands of American troops into combat in Viet Nam without a formal declaration of war. When the Watergate scandal broke, Congress was emboldened to put limits on such presidential prerogatives and to assert its own power.

The War Powers Resolution has occasionally been honored—as in 1980, when Jimmy Carter notified Congress of the attempt to rescue the U.S. hostages in Tehran, though his message came shortly after the mission had failed. But in the decade since the resolution's passage, there have been relatively few occasions on which its effectiveness could be tested, and no situations as complicated and potentially momentous as the present dilemma in Lebanon.

A Lebanese Army unit fires a 155-mm howitzer into the Chouf during last week's fighting, left; an army tank proceeds along a mountain road

into West Beirut, and suddenly they appeared to be attempting to do exactly that.

Though the Lebanese claims were presumably exaggerated for propaganda reasons, Western diplomats believe that Syria has allowed between 1,000 and 1,500 Palestinians, many of them loyal to Syrian-based Palestinian Rebel Leader Said Mousa, to join the fighting. P.L.O. Chairman Yasser Arafat arrived unexpectedly in the northern Lebanese port city of Tripoli late last week, perhaps because of his concern over the growing involvement of various Palestinian factions.

As for the Lebanese charges of Syrian meddling, it is true that the Damascus government has been providing the Druze with arms, ammunition, food and medicine for some time. In addition, the Syrians have supplied them with at least one artillery battalion equipped with twelve to 16 artillery pieces and eight or ten Soviet-made T-54 and T-55 tanks. Though the worst of the fighting last week was in the hills, clashes also persisted in areas south of Beirut, especially between Damur and Jiyah, where Druze and Christian militiamen struggled for control of positions close to the main Beirut-Sidon highway

On Friday morning the Lebanese air force went into combat for the first time in at least ten years. By the time the Lebanese pilots had completed a series of raids on Druze positions in the mountains, one of the six planes in the air force had been shot down, while two others had been hit by Druze or Syrian fire and made emergency landings in Cyprus. The pilots, to their credit, had been operating under difficult conditions, using a highway strip to the north of Beirut for takeoffs and landings. The pilot of the downed plane was rescued by a U.S. naval vessel

With negotiations stalled and the fighting unchecked, Administration officials freely acknowledged their disappointment at the ineffectiveness of the Gemayel government and the obduracy of the Syrians. Reflecting on the McFarlane mission, a State Department official said: "We are pretty much at the end game." Yet the Administration knows that to remove the Marines now could only make the situation in Lebanon worse, so the present policy is likely to continue.

In the traditionally resilient and resourceful Lebanese capital, longtime Western residents observed a degree of discouragement greater than any in recent memory. Electricity and water were rationed, and streets were almost deserted by mid-afternoon. As stray rockets exploded near by, a bank manager tried to explain the prevailing mood of indifference. "You know," he said, "we are way behind in calculating the interest on savings accounts. Normally we would have a lobby full of angry people. But now there is no one. So many have left the country, and the ones who have stayed don't seem to care." ***—By William E. Smith.***

Reported by Johanna McGeary/Washington and William Stewart/Beirut

Masked leftist fighter amid the rubble of Bhamdoun, left; leftists crowded onto a truck return to Bhamdoun after battles with Christian Phalangists

Listening for That Whistle

For U.S. Marines, days of routine laced with danger

Around the runways of Beirut's international airport, the low, sandbagged bunkers form ragged lines, cluttering a 2½-sq.-mi. stretch of barren, unprotected ground. On two sides the old airport fence topped with barbed wire divides the encampment from the predominantly Shi'ite shantytown of Hay es Sullum, where bombed-out buildings sometimes shelter Muslim fighters armed with mortars and rocket-propelled grenades. In the surrounding hills that rise 3,000 ft. from the plain, Druze and Christian militias clash, igniting the night skies with tracer rounds and exploding shells.

For the estimated 175 U.S. Marines of Alpha Company, 1st Battalion, 8th Marines, 24th Marine Amphibious Unit, the dusty field is home. One of several Marine contingents totaling 1,200 men ashore, Alpha Company landed in Lebanon more than three months ago amid hopes that its visit would be fairly placid. In three weeks of renewed violence, including 15 consecutive days when rockets and shells fell within the perimeter of the Marine encampment, the men have learned otherwise: all four American members of the multinational force killed in the recent attacks were from Alpha Company. Says Lance Corporal John Sexton, 18: "I don't care if they say this isn't combat. I'm a combat veteran now."

For the most part, the Marines are living under wartime conditions. Sunday barbecues are now rare, while the showings of videotaped major league baseball and the vigorous interplatoon softball, volleyball and basketball competitions of the past are gone. Also suspended are the daily four- or five-mile runs that the Marines took along the road circling their encampment, as well as the routine 15- to 20-man patrols of the streets of Hay es Sullum. Now the soldiers seldom venture far from their bunkers. Under what they call the shade tree, the men relax on bright orange lawn chairs donated by the U.S. embassy in Beirut. Long hours are spent cleaning weapons, and standard attire for a visit to the showers is now gym shorts, flak jacket and steel helmet. Says Lance Corporal James Stewart, 23, referring to the sound of incoming rounds: "We've always got one ear listening for that whistle, which means: 'Here comes one, gents.' "

The tension is tempered with long stretches of hard work. Two to six soldiers camp in each bunker. Each day they crawl into the morning air and head for tin cups of coffee and a rudimentary breakfast. A few of the men find time for a shower, and sometimes there is hot water. Then the serious work begins: filling sandbags. By continuously building new bunkers, each requiring hundreds of sandbags, the Marines can spread themselves more thinly, reducing casualties from a direct hit. Trees cut from the banks of a foul-smelling nearby creek provide supporting timbers. Says Staff Sergeant David Stout, 28, of Charlie Company, whose platoon calls itself the Ebony and Ivory Construction Co. for its racial mix: "The order of the day is sandbags and more sandbags and more sandbags, and then you'll sleep tight."

FRANCOISE DEMULDER

Surrounded by sandbags, a Marine writes a letter home

An air of unreality that ages young soldiers quickly.

As the temperature rises into the low 90s, the perspiring Marines break for lunch on the spot. A major tribulation is that dinner, once a full meal served in the mess tent, now often consists of field-issue MREs (meals, ready-to-eat) like hamburger, turkey tetrazzini and other delights that can be made almost edible by warming the packages in hot water, sunlight or even under an armpit. Some Marines lift weights; others read books (mostly science fiction, thrillers and mysteries). Like lonely troopers everywhere, many of them use their idle hours chiefly to write home. Seated at a picnic table, three beefy helicopter ground crewmen scribble side by side like overgrown schoolboys taking exams. One 19-year-old private writes regularly to his wife but has omitted any worrying incidents, including the shrapnel that hit his bunker a few weeks ago. "I tell her as little as possible," he says. "When I get home, I'll tell her the truth."

The soldiers seem very young, and they are: the average age is 20. One night Keith Lewis, 19, and three companions were savoring field-ration brownies in their bunker when a shot rang out near by. They leaped to their feet, then started giggling, realizing they had nowhere to run. "It's weird in the dark," says Lewis. "We get to laughing a lot." The men are, however, aging quickly. Captain Paul Roy, the company commander, gathered his troops a few days ago in a memorial service for two of the Marines killed in action. He read eulogies to them in the clear accent of the Maine woods and then asked his men to join in singing *Amazing Grace*. "I don't care about a lot of things I used to care about," said Private First Class Mike Stevens, 19, afterward. "All I care about now is that the rest of us get out of here safe." Captain Roy's men talk frequently of the two soldiers killed by a rocket as they stepped from their bunker two weeks ago. Says Lance Corporal Randy Lunt, 21: "The pictures we took together are still in my camera. I hope they turn out. I'll keep them forever."

The Marines are understandably frustrated at their orders to take only defensive actions. "We were trained to be attack troops," says Lance Corporal John Zurakowski, 19, "but all we do here is get attacked." They cheer the Reagan Administration's decision to send over the *New Jersey* and other offshore firepower, but they clearly itch to settle matters themselves. Last fall, when Marines in Beirut were not allowed to carry loaded weapons, the company mess tent was decorated with a sign reading THE CAN'T SHOOT BACK SALOON. After they were finally allowed to arm themselves last spring, the sign changed to THE CAN SHOOT BACK SALOON. When Alpha Company engaged unidentified gunmen in a daylong firefight on Aug. 29, the Marines repainted the sign THE DID SHOOT BACK SALOON. "When we see the whites of their eyes, we'll do it to them," promises John Sexton. Still, for a group of highly trained, largely untested fighters, life in Beirut has an air of maddening unreality. Says Randy Lunt: "This situation is kind of messed up. If we go back and tell people what happened here, they ain't going to believe it. So we ain't going to tell them."

—By Kenneth W. Banta. Reported by Roberto Suro/Beirut

Taking the Easy Way Out

Looking to 1984, Congress and Reagan duck the deficit problem

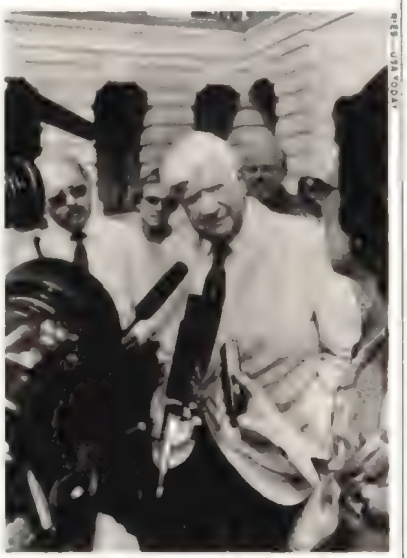
Trust the approach of a presidential election to concentrate politicians' minds on the gravest threats facing the nation. After many months of bitter wrangling, for example, Congress and the Reagan Administration have at last reached a tacit understanding about what they will do between now and November 1984 to reduce those gargantuan $200 billion budget deficits. In a word, nothing.

What is more, there is impressive bipartisan agreement on the reasons for this course. The deficits may choke off the budding economic recovery, all right, but they may not do it—or at any rate, the damage may not be noticeable—until 1985. Meanwhile, there is no great public clamor for action. So with any luck, both tax increases and cuts in Government spending that might offend powerful groups of voters can be put off until after the elections. And if that turns out to be too late? Well . . . er . . . uh . . .

If all that sounds excessively cynical, it is not much more than a paraphrase of what political powers on both sides are saying. For the Administration, one senior official concedes: "We're done on the policy side. We're out of business. We're waiting for the election." In Congress, the Senators and Representatives who reconvened last week are likely to ignore their own command, expressed in the budget resolution they passed in June, to raise $73 billion in new revenue during the next three fiscal years. Any bill to increase taxes, says Tip O'Neill, Speaker of the Democratic-controlled House, "would have to come from the President or the Republican Party." As O'Neill well knows, the chances of that are zero. "Tip's point is that if the President is not willing to deal with this, he—Tip—isn't going to put Democratic heads on the block," explains a House Democratic leader. "That may be good politics, but it's bad economics."

As to spending, both houses last week passed a bill authorizing $187.5 billion in military expenditures in fiscal 1984, which begins Oct. 1. While that is $10.5 billion below Reagan's initial request, it still marks a 5% increase in outlays, after adjustment for inflation, over the fiscal year that ends a week from Friday. On the civilian side, the House voted to reverse some of the cuts in future spending on a variety of social programs that were made at Reagan's demand in 1981. The House added $1.6 billion to the total to be paid out beginning next fiscal year.

Once again, Congress has lagged so badly on passing actual appropriations bills, even for defense, that it will have to pass a "continuing resolution" to fund major portions of the Government in the new fiscal year. Almost certainly, such a stopgap measure would provide for spending higher than Reagan wants. That, in turn, would set the stage for a dismal charade: first a presidential veto,



Speaker O'Neill arriving at the Capitol

Setting the stage for a dismal charade.

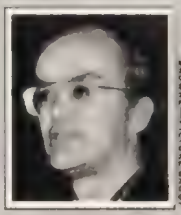
threatening theoretically to put the Government out of business, then anguished negotiations, and finally a compromise maintaining spending at levels a bit higher than currently scheduled. What makes these prospects especially depressing is that there is strong bipartisan agreement on what should be done: a deal wherein the White House would swallow tax increases and a slowdown in defense spending, and Congress would quit opposing cuts in social spending.

Some formulas for such a trade exist. One is "the 3% solution" embodied in a bill sponsored by two Republican Senators and one Democrat. Under this plan, automatic increases in "entitlement" programs, such as pensions, welfare and veterans' benefits, would be held down to a figure three percentage points below the rise in the Consumer Price Index. Thus if prices rose, say, 5%, spending on these programs would be increased only 2%. Similarly, the indexing of income tax brackets scheduled to take effect in 1985 would be modified. Under present law, if prices rise 5%, a taxpayer's income would have to rise more than 5% before he was pushed into a higher tax bracket. Under the bipartisan bills even a 2% increase would cause many to pay more tax.

To put such a bargain into effect, however, would probably require a summit conference among Reagan, O'Neill and other congressional leaders. At present there is no push for one. Says California Democratic Congressman Leon Panetta: "The public does not translate the deficit into something that really bites them. We are going to have to get public support for action on the deficit."

Can anything break the impasse? Yes, say congressional leaders: an early fizzling out of the recovery, with a threat of new recession and another rise in unemployment, or a reignition of inflation, could build public pressure to force the Administration and Congress into quick action (*i.e.*, before the election). Which amounts to saying that the economy will be saved from a long-range threat only if it stumbles into immediate disaster. Which is a strange way to run a country. ■

Coal Sore: a Veto Showdown?



Grave constitutional questions are sometimes posed by less than nation-shaking issues. Case in point: the first test of the scope of the Supreme Court's June ruling against the so-called legislative veto (*Immigration and Naturalization Service* vs. *Chadha*) is being raised by an anemic auction of coal leases.

Interior Secretary James Watt has been trying to sell rights to mine on federally controlled land. Environmentalists and some Western Governors and Democrats contend he will spur the mining of coal that the nation does not now need, at giveaway prices. On Aug. 3, a House committee voted to order Watt not to hold a sale of mining rights scheduled for last week. Under federal law, its vote should have been controlling. But the Supreme Court in June declared unconstitutional the procedure under which Congress delegates authority to the Executive Branch to perform certain acts while reserving the option to later overrule the Executive. The committee protested that it had ordered Watt not to cancel the sale but only to delay it. Watt said even that action was unconstitutional.

The issue should be settled by the federal courts. Meanwhile, the Interior Secretary's determination to plunge ahead with the coal-lease sales program is raising a political storm; in the West, the disposition of the enormous amounts of coal that lie under federal land is an emotional issue. Ironically, though, when Watt last week put up for sale the rights to mine land containing 543 million tons of coal, primarily in North Dakota, he received bids covering only 115 million tons.

Too Powerful to Be Used

McNamara urges less reliance on nuclear weapons

The article was clearly timed for maximum effect. One week after the resumption of the INF (Intermediate-Range Nuclear Forces) talks in Geneva and three weeks before the renewal of START (Strategic Arms Reduction Talks), Robert S. McNamara, Secretary of Defense under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, dropped a bombshell of his own. In the fall issue of *Foreign Affairs* magazine, published last week, McNamara urged NATO to renounce its current reliance on the threat to use nuclear weapons, which he said are "totally useless" and "serve no military purpose."

CYNTHIA JOHNSON

The architect of "flexible response": no credible deterrent based on an incredible action

Using strategic nuclear weapons against the Soviet Union would be "an act of suicide," McNamara wrote, because it would touch off a chain reaction of escalating nuclear exchanges. The likelihood of annihilation makes "first use"—the option of initiating the use of nuclear weapons to repel a Soviet conventional attack—at best a weak stick. "The threat of [first use] has lost all credibility as a deterrent to Soviet conventional aggression," he wrote. "One cannot build a credible deterrent on an incredible action."

By rejecting "first use," McNamara discarded a major element of the "flexible response" strategy, which he helped to design, and which was adopted as official NATO policy in 1967. In a *Foreign Affairs* article last year, McNamara and three other former architects of U.S. foreign policy (McGeorge Bundy, National Security Adviser to Kennedy and Johnson; George F. Kennan, former Ambassador to the Soviet Union; Gerard Smith, the chief negotiator of SALT I) stirred wide controversy in Europe by arguing that the concept of "first use" was antiquated and dangerous.

At a press briefing last week, McNamara said the U.S. should adopt a doctrine of "no first use until." Until what? Said he: "Until we know exactly what our opponent intended to do, at what level the order to use nuclear weapons originated on his side, and whether there is any chance that the conflict might still be confined without our resorting to nuclear retaliation." McNamara also recommended a major buildup of NATO's conventional defenses to raise the "threshold" at which a conflict would "go nuclear"; the creation of a "nuclear-free zone" on either side of the Iron Curtain; and the removal of about 3,000 of the roughly 6,000 U.S. nuclear weapons stationed in Europe. A similar approach was urged by a number of allied defense officials at a closed-door meeting in Brussels earlier this year; they suggested a pullback of about 2,000 tactical weapons (artillery shells, mines and short-range missiles) from the front lines to meet the concerns of Western Europe's antimissile deployment movement.

McNamara added force to his argument with a provocative historical revelation. In private conversations with Kennedy and Johnson, McNamara says he recommended that they never "under any circumstances" use nuclear weapons. "I believe they accepted my recommendation," he wrote. According to McNamara, Kennedy never considered using nuclear weapons during the Berlin crisis in 1961 or the Cuban missile showdown in 1962.

The assertion that U.S. nuclear deterrence was essentially a bluff drew a predictably negative response from European experts. "What McNamara is implying is that a couple of Presidents, perhaps even more, have been lying to the alliance," commented Arms Control Specialist Stefano Silvestri of Rome's Institute of International Affairs. "If that's true, it's very bad for the alliance."

The Reagan Administration, only months away from deployment of the controversial Pershing II and cruise missiles in Western Europe, was also upset. "McNamara's article could not come at a worse time," said one Administration official. "He argues that the American protective umbrella over Europe is a sham, and that American nuclear weapons there increase the danger of war. Whatever his motivations, he has done a disservice to allied solidarity." McNamara, however, was at pains to stress his support for NATO's Euromissile deployments. His call for the removal of tactical nuclear weapons is not necessarily contradictory, since NATO is deploying intermediate-range missiles that are intended to serve as political symbols of America's commitment to defend Europe. Contradictory or not, McNamara's position founders on the underlying dilemma of nuclear weaponry. If the use of nuclear weapons is renounced, the weapons lose their utility not only as weapons of war but as instruments of peace. If deterrence is to work, an aggressor should not be able to dismiss entirely the possibility of nuclear retaliation. ■

Long Shot

George says he can still do it

He has no campaign manager, no full-time fund raisers, no party encouragement, no state organizations, and a wife who says she will not stump for him. He lost the 1972 general election by the largest plurality in history. In 1980, South Dakota voters ousted him from the Senate after 18 years of service. But George McGovern, 61, the outspoken prairie populist and critic of the Viet Nam War, is running for President—again. Said he after announcing his candidacy at a press conference last week: "I think I've got a real shot at the nomination."

Political pundits and fellow Democrats hardly concurred. "I might as well run my bloodhound, Blue," declared Atlanta Pollster Claibourne Darden. "The possibility of his being elected President is zero." Only slightly more enthusiastic was Colorado Senator Gary Hart, McGovern's 1972 campaign manager and one of his six declared presidential opponents. "He has as much right as anyone else to get into the race," said Hart.

McGovern's "New Realism" platform retained the liberal and antiwar tone of his 1972 campaign. Its major planks: a call to arms control, an end to U.S. military involvement in Central America and improved relations with Cuba. Commented Los Angeles Attorney and Democratic Strategist Mickey Kantor: "He is a decent, bright man, but he is tilting at windmills that no longer exist." ■

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Crash Landing For Bobby

Kennedy faces heroin charge

Being a son of America's most lustrous political family is both a blessing and a curse. He basks in the reflected glory of his kin, but he also feels the burden of living up to his celebrated name. And at times of personal crisis, he can find himself blinking in the harsh spotlight of national attention. That is what happened last week to Robert F. Kennedy Jr., 29, the third eldest child of the late New York Senator.

Traveling alone from Minneapolis to Rapid City, S. Dak., aboard a Republic Airlines Convair, Kennedy suddenly grew sick and dazed. Alarmed passengers near him reportedly summoned the flight attendant, who passed the word to the cockpit. The pilot radioed ahead to Rapid City to request that a paramedic and ambulance be on hand to meet the flight. When the plane landed, Kennedy was helped down the steps, but declined medical assistance.

Local police officials, however, suspected a drug overdose and obtained a search warrant to look through Kennedy's bags. They found slightly less than one gram of heroin. Four days later, Pennington County State's Attorney Rod Lefholz ordered the arrest of Bobby Kennedy for possession of heroin, a felony carrying a maximum penalty of two years in jail and a $2,000 fine. Kennedy is expected to be arraigned in Rapid City some time in the next two weeks.

Kennedy had already taken action of his own, having announced that he had committed himself to a private hospital, whereabouts undisclosed, for treatment of drug abuse. "With the best medical help I can find, I am determined to beat this problem," he said in a statement released by the Washington office of his uncle, Senator Ted Kennedy. "I deeply regret the pain which this situation will bring to my family and to so many Americans who admire my parents and the Kennedy family."

Bobby, like his six brothers and four sisters, grew up at his parents' estate in suburban Virginia. Only 14 when his father was assassinated in Los Angeles in 1968 while campaigning for the Democratic presidential nomination, Bobby emerged as one of the most exuberant and outgoing of the "cousins," as the conglomeration of Kennedy children is dubbed. His life, at least on paper, glittered: Harvard (class of '76), a stint at the London School of Economics, author of a 1978 book on Alabama Judge Frank Johnson. In 1982, in quick succession, he was married, graduated from the University of Virginia Law School, and started work as an assistant district attorney in Manhattan.

The late Senator's son in 1982

"I am determined to beat this problem."

Yet there were stabs of trouble. Back in 1970, when he was 16, Bobby was arrested in Hyannis Port for smoking marijuana and placed on 13 months' probation. In 1979 his younger brother David, then 24, was found dazed and bruised outside a sleazy Harlem hotel, packets of heroin scattered near by; David reportedly had gone there to make a buy. Bobby himself, says a family friend, has been dabbling heavily in both heroin and coke for at least the past three years. According to another pal, Bobby knew he had a problem and sometimes sought psychiatric help. Over the past year, his résumé began to tarnish: he flunked the New York bar exam last summer, then walked out on the test on the second go-around last February.

For the past six months or so, he has appeared increasingly edgy, with a fleeting attention span. He started skipping work, and chums feared that he would derail from the fast track. In July he quit his D.A. post to devote all his time to studying for his third try at the bar. Kennedy spent much of the summer in Rapid City and the surrounding Black Hills. He has a good friend there named Bill Walsh, a onetime Roman Catholic priest and part owner of a hotel in Deadwood. The two of them would run several miles a day, go swimming and hike through the hills. Walsh claimed last week that his friend was heading to Rapid City to seek his aid in kicking the habit when he overdosed on the plane. Said Walsh: "Bobby made the commitment to straighten himself out before his crash landing." ■

Bitter Legacy

A mayor's killer may be freed

The brutal murders of San Francisco Mayor George Moscone, 49, and Supervisor Harvey Milk, 48, in their city hall offices almost five years ago set in motion events that are still unfolding. Moscone's death resurrected the then fading political career of Dianne Feinstein, who as president of the board of supervisors automatically succeeded him as mayor. She later won election in her own right. Milk, the self-styled "mayor of Castro Street" (the center of San Francisco's major homosexual district), became a martyred pioneer of gay politics and a recognized trail blazer of the out-of-the-closet activism that is now both a force and a fashion in the city.

Another legacy of the killings: a possible parole for Daniel James White, 37, the former city supervisor who murdered Moscone and Milk. During White's controversial 1979 trial, his attorney pursued the so-called Twinkies defense, arguing that White committed his crimes in a "diminished mental capacity" caused in part by eating too much junk food. A lenient jury bought the line and produced a verdict of voluntary manslaughter rather than murder. Under California's determinant sentencing law, that judgment carried a maximum term of seven years and eight months. With time off for good behavior, that makes White eligible for parole from Soledad prison beginning next Jan. 6, after he will have served five years.

Even that eligibility seems criminal to the many San Franciscans still outraged by what they believe to be a ludicrously light sentence. The only legal alternative for them may rest with the U.S. Justice Department. Attorney John Eshelman Wahl, who represents Milk's estate, is urging a new trial for White on the charge of violating federal civil rights laws. The sentence could be life imprisonment. The board of supervisors and Feinstein have endorsed Wahl's proposal. Said Feinstein recently: "The wounds are still very, very fresh." Harry Britt, the man named in 1978 to fill Milk's vacant seat on the board and like Milk a gay activist, said, "The legal system broke down in San Francisco. The federal law is designed to deal with situations where local law enforcement failed on a question of basic values." But Deputy Mayor Rotea Gilford opposes the idea. Said he: "Dan White was tried. A number of people disagree with the result of the trial. But that's our system. What good does it do to rehash it?" The Justice Department is weighing the matter and may come to a decision this month. ■

Dan White

At the U.N. Security Council: Soviet Delegate Oleg Troyanovsky and U.S. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick during a debate over Korean jet tragedy

DIPLOMACY

Salvaging the Remains

Washington and Moscow preserve arms talks despite the airliner tragedy

They stop in clusters of two and three, their eyes widening in astonishment as they stare at the 5-ft.-long model of the Boeing 747 with its hundreds of miniature seats. Details about the disaster have seeped slowly into the Soviet Union, and the pedestrians passing in front of the Japan Air Lines office in downtown Moscow pause to ponder the tragedy of Korean Air Lines Flight 007. "Oh, is that the plane?" asks a wide-eyed schoolgirl. "It's so big." Murmurs her friend: "All those people." The exact death toll of 269 has not been made public to the Soviet people. "More than 200, I heard," offers a young man wearing an imitation-leather jacket. But even as he shakes his head, he echoes the brazen attitude that has been the official response of his country: "Such a plane should not have broken through our borders."

Try as they may, leaders in Washington and other Western capitals last week could not extract much more from Moscow than the qualified expressions of regret that were heard on the streets. Instead, Soviet leaders responded with volley after volley of recriminations, continuing the defiant war of words with Washington that threatens to deepen the damage caused by the air tragedy.

The week began with a theatrical standoff. The State Department brusquely summoned Oleg Sokolov, the deputy chief of mission at the Soviet embassy. Standing face to face with Sokolov, John Kelly, Deputy Assistant Secretary for European Affairs, read a terse letter that "demanded ... prompt, adequate and effective compensation" for the death of the 61 Americans aboard Flight 007. When Kelly attempted to hand Sokolov the note, the Soviet diplomat refused to accept it. Kelly then declared that the U.S. refused to accept Sokolov's refusal. The routine was repeated at week's end when Assistant Secretary of State Richard Burt called Sokolov back to the State Department and tried to give him a note protesting the Soviet refusal to accept the compensation demand. That too was refused. The somber Alphonse-and-Gaston routine left the U.S. looking for a way to deliver the compensation demand, which is not formally in effect until accepted by the Soviets.

The U.S. was more successful at making its point in the United Nations, but lining up the nine votes necessary to pass a resolution "deeply deploring" the U.S.S.R. in the 15-nation Security Council was surprisingly difficult. China, considered a sure yes vote, decided that its antipathy toward South Korea outweighed its desire to humiliate the Soviet Union. It announced that it would abstain. Other Third World nations, including Zimbabwe and Guyana, argued that disputes over the facts of the incident made it impossible to single out the Soviets for blame. Applying strong pressure, U.S. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick was able to win the reluctant support of Jordan and Malta, thus corralling enough votes to force the Soviet Union to use its veto.

In Congress, the Administration's greatest struggle was to rein in conservative members who wanted to punish Moscow more harshly. House leaders imposed a rule forbidding any amendments to a bipartisan resolution that condemned the Soviets but did not call for sanctions other than those already imposed by the President: the closing of Aeroflot offices in New York City and Washington, D.C., suspension of talks for a new consular agreement, postponement of expanded scientific, educational and cultural exchanges. The resolution passed 416 to 0, but left some on the right unsated. In the Senate, a series of amendments proposed by Republican Jesse Helms of North Carolina—which would have recalled the U.S. Ambassador in Moscow, linked future arms control talks to Soviet conduct, and required a full reappraisal of all Soviet-American relations—were defeated by relatively wide margins before the resolution was passed unanimously.

Many Americans seemed anxious to register their own protests. In at least a dozen states there were organized boycotts of Russian vodka, and in Boston demonstrators staged an updated Tea Party by pouring vodka over the side of the *Beaver*, a replica of the original Tea Party ship. In New York City and New Jersey, the Port

Searching for the remains of passengers and debris along the north coast of Japan; inset: a passenger's identification card and a child's jacket

Authority, which runs the major airports, said that Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko would not be allowed to land at the area's international airports on his scheduled visit to the U.N. General Assembly next week. The State Department said that Gromyko could land at a military airport, but the Soviet news agency TASS announced that he will not come at all; the General Assembly session will be the first he has missed since 1957. The reason, huffed TASS, is that "U.S. authorities do not give guarantees that the safety of [Gromyko] will be ensured."

At a 33-nation council meeting of the International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO) in Montreal, the Administration sought an independent investigation of the downing of Flight 007. The ICAO, which is also considering ways to coordinate military and civilian radar tracking of passenger planes, passed a resolution repeating the U.N. language "deeply deploring" the Soviet action and setting up the investigation. TASS branded the inquiry "illegal" and said the Soviet Union would conduct one of its own.

One of the few tangible sanctions placed thus far on the Soviets has been a ban on flights to and from the U.S.S.R. imposed by governments, airline pilots' associations, or both, in 14 countries, including most members of NATO plus Japan and neutral Sweden and Switzerland. Though many of the government boycotts are for two weeks, the pilots' actions are for 60 days. Fourteen countries (twelve NATO members plus Ireland and Switzerland) will not allow the Soviet airline Aeroflot even to fly over their territory. These moves have cut in half the air traffic between the Soviet Union and the West.

The Boston Vodka Party

Western criticism only served to make the Kremlin more defiant. Soviet newspapers have run cartoons depicting Reagan as a blind cowboy and a bloody-fanged gorilla. Vitali Kobysh, a Kremlin information official, gave a five-minute TV commentary in which he said: "It is likely that no one will ever know details of the assassination of President John Kennedy or black civil rights fighter Martin Luther King, but everything is already known about the [airliner]." The outrageous implication was that U.S. secret services had staged all three tragedies and covered their tracks successfully in the Kennedy and King deaths, but had been caught sending KAL 007 on a spy flight.

The Soviets also expelled an American consular official in Leningrad, Lon David Augustenborg, and his wife, alleging that they attempted to pick up classified documents. Soviet officials sought to portray the case as part of a widespread espionage effort by the U.S. The State Department protested that the Augustenborgs had been physically mistreated during their arrest, and one report said that they had been stripped at the scene.

Continuing the diplomatic tit-for-tat, the State Department announced that the U.S. last month had expelled two Soviet diplomats posted in Washington. Assistant Air Attaché Yuri Leonov was caught with a briefcase that included a classified document. Trade Attaché Anatoly Skripko was arrested in the act of handing over money for classified documents. Their expulsions were not publicized at the time because the U.S. was then hoping to nurture warming relations with the U.S.S.R.

National Security Adviser William Clark, in a speech to the Air Force Association, sought to ridicule the Soviet assertions that the Korean passenger plane was on a spy mission. "The Soviet strategy in the aftermath of the incident was, and is, gross intimidation and falsehood," he said. In fact, a commercial 747, if fitted out with special cameras and electronic equipment, would be highly conspicuous as a spy plane and certainly of no use to U.S. intelligence agencies. American satellites can take startlingly detailed photographs of any Soviet installation.

Clark predicted that the Soviets would blame the incident on the high level of tension that has existed between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. and call for a summit "to reach a greater understanding." White House aides say that there is nothing that would justify a meeting between Reagan and Soviet Leader Yuri Andropov in the foreseeable future.

Along the northern coast of Japan, investigators continued to collect the debris from Flight 007. A five-ship U.S. task force searched international waters for the "black boxes" from the airliner that contain vital flight information. Near by, a Soviet fleet was doing the same thing. At times, ships from the two fleets came within 500 yds. of each other, engaging in an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation.

Despite the wealth of transcripts released by Japan and the U.S., there were

still doubts expressed about the U.S. version of the incident, even among Americans. In a New York *Times*/CBS News poll taken last week, 61% thought the Government was "holding back information that the people ought to know." Nevertheless, 56% said that Reagan's actions so far have been "not tough enough."

The U.S. added to the confusion by revising its transcript of the radio transmissions of the Soviet pilots who pursued Flight 007. The amended version was the result of an electronic enhancement of the tapes, which is standard procedure in such a case. It was immediately publicized by the State Department even though it somewhat undercut the American position. A remark by the pilot of the Su-15 that shot down the airliner, originally said to be unintelligible, was revised to read, "I

The Japanese also released a set of enhanced tapes and revised transcripts recording the horrific final seconds of those aboard Flight 007. "All engine!" the Korean pilot said to controllers shortly after being hit, signaling that all four of his engines were gone. "Rapid decompression," he added. This indicated that the plane, which had been flying at over 30,000 ft., was losing pressure rapidly. One U.S. Air Force expert described the likely scene: "As the fuselage opens and windows blow out, everything in the cabin, including passengers, even passengers in their seat belts, can be sucked out through the fuselage holes and the windows. Then comes the cold, say about −50°, instant extreme frostbite for anyone left alive."

One of the major lessons that Western analysts have gleaned from the Korean jet

Soviet citizens staring at a model of a 747 at Japan Air Lines' office in Moscow

"It's a great shame. But such a plane should not have broken through our borders."

am firing cannon bursts." This seemed to buttress the Soviet claim that its pilot had fired tracer shots to warn the Korean jetliner away from Soviet airspace.

There was no indication, however, that the cannon shots in question were indeed warning tracers rather than part of an actual attack. The cannons carried by Soviet interceptor jets do not normally carry tracer ammunition. In any case, the Korean pilot apparently did not see the bursts, because even after they were fired he made no mention of anything unusual when he contacted controllers in Tokyo. The scrambling Soviet fighters generally stayed to the rear of the passenger plane and made no apparent attempt to get close enough to signal their presence. Indeed, one of the other revisions in the transcripts reveals the Su-15 pilot saying, "He still can't see me." Unfortunately, this created another ambiguity: Did the Soviet pilot mean that he had succeeded in avoiding detection, or that his efforts to signal the KAL 747 had been unavailing?

incident is that the Soviet air defense force is apparently far less competent than thought. The first group of interceptors that scrambled over the Kamchatka Peninsula never could find Flight 007. Military officials attending the International Institute for Strategic Studies meeting in Ottawa last week commented on the "juvenile" level of radio chatter by the Soviet pilots and their apparent confusion about what they should do. "The question arises," said Stephen Larrabee, a member of the Institute for East-West Security Studies, "whether the finger on the nuclear trigger is equally uncertain."

The White House has been pleased with the international chorus of condemnations directed at the Soviet Union. "Perhaps if any good has come of this tragedy," Reagan said last week, "it is that the Western democracies better appreciate that peace will take more than gestures of good will and sincerity." At home, Reagan's moderate response served to counter critics who fear he is too trigger-happy in dealing with the Soviets, while lending support to his view of them as part of an "evil empire." This is likely to translate into less opposition to his plans to build the MX missile and increase military spending. An indication of the changing congressional mood came last week when the House reversed itself and voted to end a 15-year moratorium on the production of chemical weapons.

For all the outrage in the U.S., the Korean jet tragedy does not significantly change the Reagan Administration's already jaundiced view of the Soviet Union. Yet there does appear to be an important, albeit subtle, shift in the way the U.S. deals with the U.S.S.R. Oddly enough, this change, though prompted in part by the KAL outrage, could promote greater continuity in long-term U.S.-Soviet relations. Reagan came into office strongly advocating "linkage," the concept that talks on arms control and other important issues should be tied to Soviet conduct across the board. But the Administration insisted last week that the uproar over the Korean jet will not necessarily prevent continued negotiations in Geneva on Intermediate-range Nuclear Forces (INF) or Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (START). West European leaders were particularly anxious that the INF talks not be broken off just as the highly controversial deployment of NATO missiles is about to begin. Reagan heeded their urgings. Said he: "We must and will continue to reach out for arms-reduction agreements to reduce the nuclear and conventional arms that threaten humankind."

Unfortunately, an agreement in the INF talks before December, when NATO is scheduled to deploy American Pershing II and cruise missiles, seems very unlikely. Last week Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Georgi Kornienko and Deputy Chief of Staff Marshal Sergei Akhromeyev had a press conference in Moscow to put down reports emanating from West German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher that the U.S.S.R. might become more flexible in its INF stance. "Such conclusions are wishful thinking," said Kornienko. Nor does there seem much hope of progress on limiting the number of intercontinental missiles at the START negotiations.

In fact, now that there is less political pressure on the President to be accommodating toward the Soviets, it is unlikely that, at least until next year's election, there will be any breakthroughs between Washington and Moscow. Nevertheless, Reagan's handling of the tragedy shows how difficult it is for a President to break off all dealings, or impose a significant punishment, on the planet's other superpower. "We've learned," says Marshall Goldman of Harvard's Russian Research Center, "not to burn all our bridges." ***—By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Erik Amfitheatrof/Moscow and Johanna McGeary/Washington with other bureaus***

ISRAEL

Nobody Waved Goodbye

Begin finally bows, and Shamir struggles to build a coalition

As historic moments go, the occasion turned out to be distinctly undramatic, a subdued finish to a tempestuous career. Early last Thursday afternoon, Cabinet Secretary Dan Meridor drove his white Fiat sedan through the steel gates at the official residence of President Chaim Herzog. Waving to a band of reporters and photographers, Meridor trotted up the stairs to the paneled, book-lined office where Herzog was awaiting him. "The Prime Minister asked me to convey to the President of the state his letter of resignation," said the Secretary, whereupon he handed Herzog a white envelope. The letter inside was brief: "Mr. President, I hereby submit my resignation from the office of Prime Minister. Yours respectfully, and with all good wishes to you and your family for a happy New Year, Menachem Begin." Business done, the two men chatted briefly, then Meridor departed.

So ended the six-year tenure of the man who was perhaps the most controversial and exasperating leader in Israel's 35-year history. The resignation was bound to be anticlimactic: Begin, 70, had announced his intention to quit three weeks earlier. At the urging of colleagues within his ruling Likud coalition, however, the Prime Minister agreed to put off officially notifying Herzog until Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir, 67, could be certain of holding together the fractious group and thus bettering his chances of succeeding Begin as head of government.

As the days passed and Shamir wrapped up his back-room bargaining, Begin kept a low profile. He became a virtual shut-in at his home on Balfour Street in Jerusalem, never once venturing forth to his office. He uncharacteristically skipped Rosh Hashana services two weeks ago and missed a regular Sunday Cabinet session. Aides doggedly denied rumors that Begin was no longer eating or was gravely ill, but they hardly helped matters by issuing confusing statements about precisely what did ail the Prime Minister. First they insisted that he simply was not feeling well. Then he was said to be suffering from the flu and a severe cold. He wanted to resign in person, claimed his aides, and he would go to Herzog's office as soon as he felt well enough.

Members of the opposition and unfriendly editorial writers accused Begin of stalling in order to give Shamir more time. But even after Shamir reached an agreement with the seven parties that make up the Likud coalition early last week, Begin stayed on. Attorney General Yitzhak Zamir declared that if Begin did not submit his resignation "within a reasonable time," then his intention to leave would be viewed as "canceled." By Wednesday, rumors buzzed around the Knesset. Begin was keeping his options open. No, he was starving himself to death. No, he had changed his mind and wanted to stay on.

On Thursday, a front-page article in *Ha'aretz*, an independent Tel Aviv daily, reported that Begin had stopped shaving and was eating only soup. The Prime Minister's office immediately responded by announcing that Begin was suffering from a mild skin disease that prevented him from shaving for the time being. Later that day, obviously realizing he could no longer delay his resignation but still reluctant to appear in public, Begin dispatched Meridor to Herzog's office.

The uncertainty over Begin's intentions cast a shadow over Shamir's chances of forming a new government speedily. After besting Deputy Prime Minister David Levy for the leadership of the Herut Party, Shamir spent a frantic ten days reuniting the welter of factions that had given Begin 64 seats in the 120-member Knesset, a precariously slim majority. Shamir made his biggest concession to the three-member TAMI Party, which had already been on the verge of resigning from the Likud last August in protest against budget cuts in social programs. To lure TAMI back into the fold, Shamir promised to freeze the spending reductions until the new government came into power and could re-examine the budget.

Barely one day after all had agreed to form a new coalition under Shamir, the pact threatened to unravel. Representatives of TAMI, Agudat Yisrael and the National Religious Party, which together account for twelve of the Likud coalition's Knesset seats, met separately with leaders of the opposition Labor Party. Noted a veteran political observer tartly: "One day there was an engagement, and the next, the bride was going out on dates." Just how unfaithful the bride may be remains unclear. The real battle will begin this week, when Herzog formally consults Knesset leaders on a new government. Herzog was to talk first with Shimon Peres, 60, leader of the Labor Party. With 50 seats, Labor remains the single largest group in the Knesset, and Peres clearly hoped that he could score an upset by draining off Shamir's support. As one knowledgeable politician wryly observed: "What members of Shamir's coalition are saying in public is *not* what they're saying in private."

Shamir's task was made no easier by a public rupture between two fellow Cabinet members: Ariel Sharon, former Defense Minister and now Minister Without Portfolio, and his successor as defense chief, Moshe Arens. During a Cabinet session, Sharon laced into Arens for delaying the Israeli troop withdrawal from Lebanon, then neglecting to set up a buffer zone between the Christian Phalangists and the Druze in the Chouf Mountains. Replied Arens acidly: "Who created the abnormality in the Chouf? Who put the Phalange forces into the Chouf? We did it. One man is responsible for it."

Later, at a Likud rally, Sharon angrily offered his bitter analysis of the Lebanon crisis. "When I left office, the P.L.O. had been ousted from Beirut, Galilee had been saved, the Syrians and the P.L.O. had been driven from the Chouf. Now, when I am no longer at the center of decision making, the Syrians and the P.L.O. are returning." If, as expected, Shamir does emerge as the next Prime Minister, his first challenge may not be the fighting in Lebanon but the warfare between two formidable rivals. ***—By James Kelly. Reported by Harry Kelly and Robert Slater/ Jerusalem***

Passing the torch: Begin at his last Cabinet meeting; Shamir being congratulated by Levy

No sooner was the bride engaged than she started going out on dates.

WEST GERMANY

"We Want to Liberate Ourselves"

Tensions rise between peace activists and U.S. troops

The knock on the front door was not threatening, nor was the visitor's message. "We are from the peace initiative," the voice said. "We want to talk to you about the missiles." But the U.S. soldier's young wife living in Mutlangen, West Germany, near a major U.S. Army depot, refused even to reply until her unexpected caller had departed. Moments later, when she hesitantly opened the door, she found an anti-Pershing-missile leaflet on her doorstep. "I didn't answer because I was scared," she said. "I don't know what they have against us."

To the dismay of West German and U.S. officials, the young wife's attitude is becoming commonplace. Weeks before the start of an expected "hot autumn" of major demonstrations against NATO's plan to begin deploying Pershing II and cruise missiles in Western Europe by December, tensions are rising between peace activists and the 249,000 U.S. troops based in the country. Only last week West German police dismantled a "peace camp" outside the Mutlangen depot.

So far there have been few serious confrontations, but the fear lingers that at some point emotions could boil over. Two years ago, Red Army Faction terrorists fired an antitank grenade at a car carrying General Frederick Kroesen, then Commander of U.S. Army forces in Europe. "Some of these people will do anything," says a Frankfurt-based soldier. "It takes only one bomb attack for you and your wife to be afraid for months."

West Germans opposed to the projected U.S. missile deployment consider the Reagan Administration to be unnecessarily aggressive in the realm of East-West relations. In the eyes of some resident U.S. citizens, that criticism has undertones of a more generalized anti-Americanism. On the whole, protest has so far been peaceful: demonstrations in front of the American consulate in Frankfurt, or the display in a Lübeck storefront of quotes designed to portray the U.S. as a warmonger. (Example: "We don't want war, but . . ." attributed to former NATO Commander and Secretary of State Alexander Haig.) Occasionally the mood has turned ugly. When U.S. Vice President George Bush visited the city of Krefeld last June, his car was stoned by so-called chaotics, militant rabblerousers who have attached themselves to the peace movement. In Wiesbaden last month, a member of the Green Party poured a jar of his blood over U.S. Lieut. General Paul Williams. Later, a bomb exploded in a U.S. officers' club near Hahn, and on the same day, antimissile activists tried to disrupt the annual air show at the U.S. Air Force Base at Ramstein.

With large peace demonstrations expected to gain momentum next month, West German and U.S. officials fear that such violence could intensify. Some of the protests will focus on possible missile sites, such as Bitburg and Neu-Ulm, where relations between local residents and U.S. soldiers have generally been good. But confrontations might occur even in those places, especially if demonstrators block access to the bases. The West German Interior Ministry has warned, moreover, that terrorist attacks cannot be ruled out. U.S. and West German authorities have formed a joint committee to discuss preventive measures. "The thing we fear most," says an Interior Ministry official, "is that some young German will get into a U.S. military installation, and an American will shoot him. That would be a tragedy and the worst thing for either side."

Much of the current tension stems from differences between G.I.s and West German peace activists that cannot be easily bridged. "When 100,000 people come out to protest against what you are doing, it does not exactly make you feel wanted or good about yourself," says a young U.S. infantryman. Observes Ed Reavis, a former soldier who now reports for the U.S. armed forces' newspaper *Stars and Stripes*: "The [U.S.] military are by and large conservative. They see the peace activists as their enemies, as Communists and troublemakers."

Police dismantling the "peace camp" outside the U.S. base at Mutlangen

Some G.I.s view the peace activists as "their enemies, as Communists and troublemakers."

At the same time, wide cultural and social gaps persist. Few G.I.s speak German, and many lack a high school education. On the other side of the fence, racial discrimination against black U.S. soldiers by West German bar, restaurant and store owners crops up all too often. The military's attempt to isolate U.S. troops as much as possible from West Germans to avoid direct confrontation has in part been counterproductive. "There is a strong feeling that Americans in general don't know much about Germany and don't care much about it," says Peter Bielke, who helped blockade the Mutlangen depot earlier this month. Asserts Reavis: "The Germans are now posing significant questions about their own country and the world around them, and many of the U.S. soldiers are not prepared to engage in that kind of discussion." In recognition of the problem, the U.S. command in West Germany reportedly has begun to issue troops wallet-size cue cards that provide answers to questions that West German protesters might ask about such things as the need for new missiles.

For all the tension, many in the peace movement insist that they are not anti-American. "The U.S. soldiers here don't understand that we are not against them personally," insists one activist. "We are against their missiles. We are against the militarization they represent. But we mean none of this as a personal attack." Says Jo Leinen, head of Federal Citizens' Initiatives Association, a nationwide umbrella group involved in the protests: "[Our movement] is part of a German emancipation. There was a war, we were occupied, and we want to liberate ourselves. Now our campaign is against missiles. There is a strong sense that the American nuclear missiles should go home. That does not *necessarily* mean that the troops should also go, at least for now." But then he adds: "Over time we will ask, 'If the missiles are not necessary, why are the troops?' " —***By Jay D. Palmer. Reported by Gary Lee/Bonn***

FRANCE

Communist Shrinking Pains

Flight 007 is costing the rigidly orthodox party popular support

The weather was cold and wet, and the faithful struggled to keep their wares as unsullied as their ideology. Neither was easy for France's Communist Party (P.C.F.) last week as hundreds of thousands of members and sympathizers gathered for their annual fund-raising fair, the *fête de l'humanité*, in a 37-acre park in the working-class Paris suburb of La Courneuve. While construction workers, secretaries and concierges wrestled with their crepes, foie gras and muscadet in the pounding rain, party leaders were striving to maintain loyalty on the most emotional issue of the day: the shooting down of Korean Air Lines Flight 007 by the Soviet Union.

The airliner tragedy is one of the thorniest problems yet faced by the pro-Moscow French Communists in their uneasy 28-month alliance with the Socialist-dominated government of President François Mitterrand—and one that has again raised speculation that the Communists ultimately will leave or be invited out of the government. In past months the party has disagreed with its coalition partner on a variety of issues, from the government's strong support for NATO's plan to deploy intermediate-range missiles in Western Europe to French intervention in Chad. The attacks, however, tended to become muted under Mitterrand's stern rebukes.

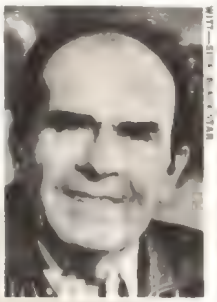
The death of 269 passengers and crew on board the South Korean airliner was a different matter: the P.C.F.'s response placed the party not only at odds with the Mitterrand government, which voiced outrage over the incident, but also threatened to alienate many members, who in recent years have become increasingly disillusioned with the party's policies.

Central to those policies is unquestioning support of Moscow's actions, no matter how offensive. Those who thought that the French Communists might have had some weakening of resolve over the shooting down of a civilian airliner were sharply reminded of ultimate loyalties by Party Boss Georges Marchais. Opening a *fête* exhibit titled "The Fight for Human Rights," Marchais called the incident "more complex than the caricaturish version given by those who have decided once and for all that the Soviet Union is the kingdom of evil and its leaders bloodthirsty ogres." Keeping his orthodox shibboleths in order, he accused the U.S. of reacting with "cries of vengeance" and "terms of abuse and invective."

Marchais's words were an open indication of the increasing strain between the French Communists' allegiance to Moscow and their loyalty to the Mitterrand government. "Pro-Sovietism is like an old shell that won't break off," said a Parisian woman who is married to a Communist journalist. "Party leaders are incapable of telling the U.S.S.R. to go to hell when they [the Soviets] do outrageous things."

One incident that vividly illustrated the divisions within the party came as more than 100,000 people gathered around a rain-slicked outdoor stage to hear Singer Robert Charlebois. Halfway through a chorus of *Je veux de l'amour* (I want love), he suddenly stopped and told the crowd, "This song has one minute to go, but I won't sing it. I will dedicate it to those 269 souls who are absent today." His words drew loud cheers, along with a smattering of catcalls.

Such a spontaneous outburst must make party leaders shudder, for it is clear that whatever they have gained in approbation from Moscow for their orthodoxy they have lost in public support. Since 1978 the party's share of the popular vote has declined from 20% to less than 15%, and circulation of the party newspaper *L'Humanité* dropped by nearly 14%, to 130,000 in 1982. In municipal elections last March the Communists lost control of 15 large cities. Last week the elections of four Communist mayors were annulled by the Council of State because of voting fraud, and three other Communist mayors and a deputy mayor were indicted for corruption. Although the party puts its membership at 700,000, analysts estimate its core of activists at only 50,000 to 80,000.



WITT—SIPA/BLACK STAR

Marchais, inset; scene from the *fête de l'humanité*

Commercialism gushed from 450 concession stands.

Those outside the P.C.F. blame its dedication to Moscow for this malaise. A party interested in votes "would never have adopted their present line," says Historian and former Central Committee Member Philippe Robrieux. "But it's not a party like the others. It has only one basic policy: that represented by the world strategy of the Soviet Union."

It was not always so. In the mid-1970s the P.C.F. went through a Eurocommunist phase of relative independence from Moscow and established strong links with the Socialist Party. But in 1977 the hard-line, pro-Soviet doctrines of the past reasserted themselves and the alliance with the Socialists was scuttled. The new coalition, forged in the 1981 elections, has sharpened party divisions between old-line Stalinists and moderates.

For the time being, the French Communist leaders have pragmatically chosen to use their limited power in the coalition to pull government policies further to the left. Thus, while Premier Pierre Mauroy last week presented the Cabinet with a tough 1984 budget calling for increased taxes on middle- and upper-income earners, the Communists have launched a more extreme, soak-the-rich campaign of their own.

Many visitors to the *fête de l'humanité* last week would agree with Chantal Courric, a state electric-company employee, when she said, "Whatever happens, we've got to play the game." But then, French Communists are adept at using bourgeois ways for their own ends. Commercialism at the fair gushed from 450 concession stands, hawking everything from television sets and encyclopedias to mussels and, of course, Russian vodka. Juxtaposed against such enterprising capitalism were signs and banners proclaiming WE ARE LEADING THE ANTIRACIST STRUGGLE and STOP YANKEE INTERVENTION IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

If compromise is the nature of things among France's Communists, so it is with the Socialists, who are in no hurry to end the marriage of convenience, not the least because they will need Communist support in the 1986 legislative elections. Despite Flight 007 and the other divisive issues, both partners seem to agree with Party Spokesman Pierre Juquin. "As far as we're concerned," said he, "the Communists are going to be in the government for a long time to come." —***By David Brand. Reported by Thomas A. Sancton/Paris***

PORTUGAL

100 Measures

Soares keeps a promise

When Prime Minister Mário Soares campaigned for office last spring, he vowed that if elected he would institute "100 measures in 100 days" to get Portugal back on its feet. That must have seemed like a tall boast to many voters, who in the past decade had already lived through two previous Soares governments that had not been notable for their achievements. Nevertheless, the Portuguese elected Soares, who formed a coalition of Socialists and Social Democrats in late spring with a strong majority in parliament. Since then, the Prime Minister has indeed shown his determination to turn the country around. His first 100 days in office came to an end last week, and the tally sheet shows that he is living up to his campaign promise.

Portugal's economic crisis has been his primary focus. The annual inflation rate is in excess of 20%, the balance of payments deficit is $3.2 billion, and government expenditures last year outstripped revenues by almost $2 billion. Among Soares' first moves were measures to lower or eliminate government subsidies for such essential items as sugar, wheat and milk, and to negotiate $685 million in loans from the International Monetary Fund. He raised taxes and cut the amount available in this year's budget for spending in state-controlled industries and public works. Not least he opened up the state-controlled banking, insurance, cement and beer industries to private investment, a step that Portugal's center-right parties have been urging for years.

Other domestic measures have included crackdowns on waste and corruption in Portugal's bloated bureaucracy, as well as a campaign against tax evasion, drug trafficking and crime generally. At the same time, efforts to improve health care and education, and plans to reform the tax system, promote tourism and guarantee farm prices are on the agenda.

On the diplomatic front, Soares has cultivated good relations with the Portuguese-speaking African countries, especially Mozambique. He is also acting as an intermediary in the negotiations over Namibia, and has invited representatives of the former Portuguese territories in Africa to attend a summit meeting in Lisbon this winter; so far, all but Angola have accepted. In addition, Soares plans to gather in Corfu next month with the Prime Ministers of the three other socialist governments in southern Europe—Italy, Greece and Spain. He will meet with his Spanish counterpart, Felipe González, on Nov. 11 and 12.

In his newly assertive reincarnation, Soares has taken on even the European Community, which has dithered for seven years over Portugal's application for membership. "The moment has arrived for us to force the E.C. to make a decision," he says. "We are tired of waiting on the doorstep." Soares warns that if Portugal is not let in soon, it "will find other alternatives." The country is already dependent on the U.S. for a large portion of its foodstuffs, including 90% of its wheat. President António Ramalho Eanes was in Washington last week for talks with President Reagan and other Administration officials on topics like the renewal of the lease for use by the U.S. of the Portuguese airbase in the Azores.

Despite Soares' aggressive leadership, many of his backers fear that the austerity moves, which are expected to cost thousands of jobs, will erode his public support. Communist Leader Alvaro Cunhal has already declared war on what he calls Soares' "policies of national disaster." The question, in the words of one Cabinet minister, "is whether Soares will be able to remain the same after the social unrest begins—as it will when our tough measures begin to take effect." ■

Prime Minister Mário Soares discussing his programs at a press conference

Many fear that his austerity measures will lead to social unrest.

BRITAIN

The Good Life

Death in the fast lane

A gruesome murder and a lucky tip, a pretty American victim and a jet-setting suspect from a dazzlingly wealthy British family. The case could have been a thriller co-written by Agatha Christie and Evelyn Waugh. It began three weeks ago when a motorist in a lonely part of Exeter Forest stumbled upon a headless, bullet-ridden, badly decomposed corpse. Police eventually determined that the victim's beige cotton T shirt had been made in Morocco and her pink polyester shorts purchased in San Francisco. Then they received a call from an informed source suggesting that those clothes might belong to California-born Monika Zumsteg Telling, 27, the wife of an affluent member of British high society, Michael Telling, 33. Last week police descended upon the couple's rustic Buckinghamshire hideaway and charged Telling with murder. They also found the victim's head stashed in the garage.

The victim

Michael Telling was vacationing in California two years ago when he first met Monika, a petite, brown-haired graduate of the College of San Mateo. Within seven months they were married and took up residence in Britain. But Monika, described by a former high school teacher as "shy and withdrawn," apparently grew weary of her new life of darts at the local pub, golf at the club and loud parties at home. Indeed, she dropped out of sight last March, and police speculate that she may have been killed shortly afterward.

Although described as "nonemployed," Telling is hardly on the dole. His mother is a member of the Vestey family, one of the wealthiest old-money clans in the land. The Vesteys have interests in shipping, insurance, refrigeration and real estate worth an estimated $1.5 billion. Telling's second cousin, Lord Samuel Vestey, 42 (known as "Spam" after the familiar product of a family meat-packing firm), is a polo-playing pal of Prince Charles. Michael has never officially been employed by the Vesteys, but it seems likely that he was well supported by a family trust fund. Following Telling's arrest, some of the Vesteys were quick to point out, as a spokesman put it, that he "was not a close member of the family."

This is not the Vesteys' first uneasy appearance in the headlines. An alert tax inspector in 1980 discovered that one major family firm had paid all of $15 in taxes in one year, which set off a public outcry and forced the Chancellor of the Exchequer to propose legal amendments. Meanwhile, Telling remains in custody in Exeter, awaiting his trial. ■

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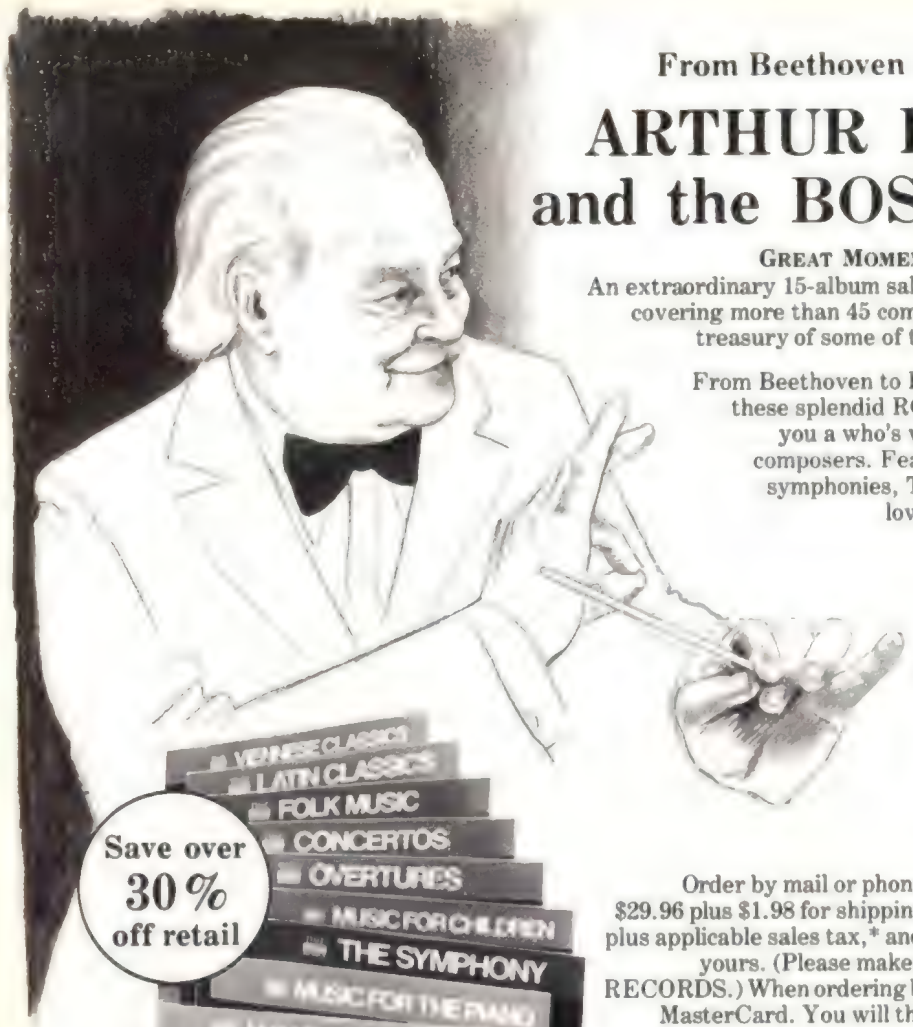

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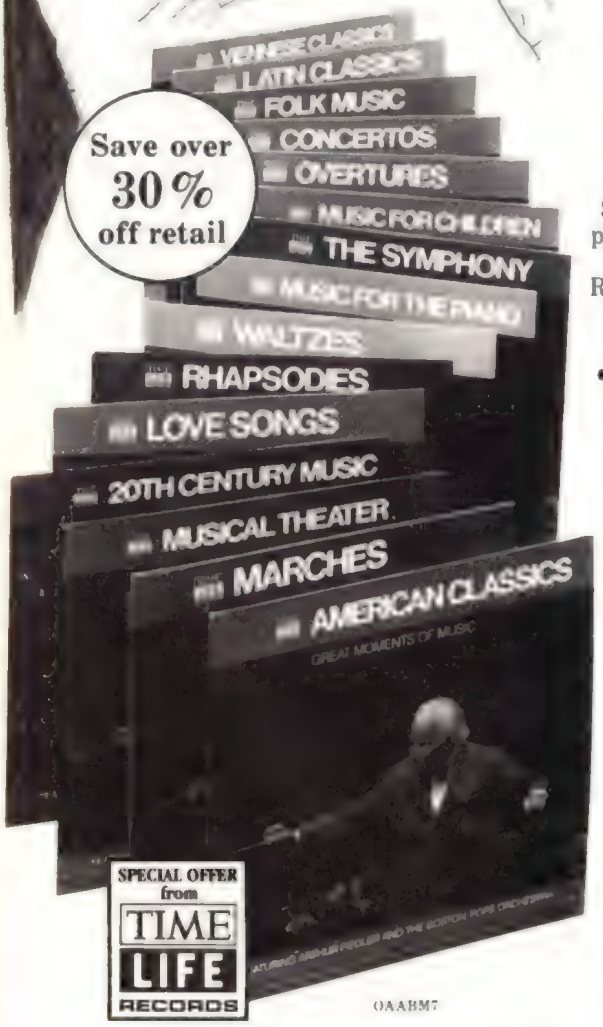

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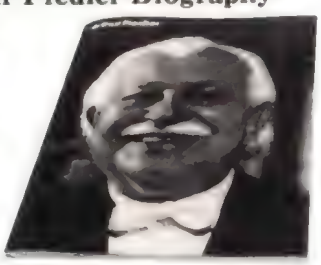

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POLAND

A Bumper Crop of Problems

Punished on all sides, farmers reap nothing but trouble

Jozef Prystupa, who raises chickens in Poland's northern district of Borkowo, sold almost 80,000 broilers to the state in 1981. Last year, thanks to a grain shortage caused by U.S. sanctions against his homeland, he shipped none. Likewise rendered fodderless, Jerzy Karczmarczyk was first reduced to keeping pigs in his chicken house and is now girding himself for an anticipated tax crunch: the government has already assessed one of his acquaintances more than $250,000 in retroactive tax payments for allegedly producing more than he declared. Yet boycotts from abroad and crackdowns at home are only part of the Polish farmer's woes this year. Last spring the expected profits from a long-overdue bumper crop of potatoes were nibbled away by an invasion of Colorado beetles; then a lingering summer dry spell withered some crops before they could be harvested. Warns Jan Kiedrowski, who switched from cattle raising to the more profitable line of cabbage growing: "If this keeps up, there's going to be serious hunger in Poland in the next few years."

Prystupa, Karczmarczyk and Kiedrowski are, ironically, among the most prosperous of the nation's 4 million private farmers, members of a select group who were chosen by the government to meet with the participants in a TIME Newstour to Eastern Europe in October 1981. At that time, Rural Solidarity was in full bloom, state subsidies were pumping up already hefty profits, and agricultural machinery and grain from the West were flooding in at record rates. Less than two months after the TIME visit, the government of General Wojciech Jaruzelski imposed martial law. Solidarity was banned, U.S. sanctions went into effect, and the agricultural boom died. Within a year, Poland's poultry production plummeted by 66%. The government also cut back subsidies to collective farms, effectively presenting them with a "profit or perish" ultimatum. Most recently there have been hints that the Jaruzelski regime will levy heavier property taxes and new retroactive taxes on private farmers. Since the level of those taxes may be based on productivity, self-employed farmers, who account for 75% of the nation's food production, see every reason to curtail their output; some indeed have already taken to slaughtering pigs and cattle. Thus a nation in which food shortages triggered rioting in 1956 is again on the brink of agricultural crisis.

"When I was a student," says Kiedrowski, "I heard how everything [in farming] goes smoothly. All you have to do is follow nature. It's not true. Nowadays you have to be a businessman to run a farm." Disenchantment has also come for Stanislaw Szur, a former engineering student who took over a 63-acre farm from his father-in-law last year. "It's no fun to run a farm now. Both my wife and I get up at 5 a.m. and work until 10 p.m. I go to milk the cows, and she goes to town to stand in line at the shops." At that, Szur is luckier than most. Friends with powerful connections helped him get a corn shucker; he knows of 80 other farmers who are on the waiting list for those machines in a region that is to receive only four during the next two years.

It is not surprising, then, that Polish farmers have little faith in what they derisively call "those people down in Warsaw." The government, they feel, refuses to adjust to the fact that farming requires long-term planning. In addition, the "rural brigades," groups of soldiers who occasionally visited farmers during the martial law period to remind them of the government's good intentions, hardly inspired confidence. Scoffs Szur: "They knew less about farming than my two-year-old daughter. They pretended to be interested in me, but they really wanted to hear about my political views." Farmer Jan Skrzypkowski was spared such visits only, he suspects, because his are the kind of views that the brigades did not wish to hear: "There's big talk in the press about raising the cultural standards of rural people. But we're farmers. We don't need ballet. First they should raise the economic standards. Politics," he concludes, "can't do anything for me."

Norbert Golunski, who runs an 85-acre farm and is $10,000 in debt, might be expected to share that skepticism. But as the former chairman of the regional unit of Rural Solidarity, he is convinced that political means can serve practical ends. "We have to be involved in politics," he explains. "We want economic improvements—that's politics. We want better working conditions—that's politics." What he does not talk about is the widely held suspicion that in northern Poland, Rural Solidarity, having been infiltrated by government agents, delayed farmers' efforts to organize union activities.

Many farmers make up in resourcefulness what they lack in resources. Karczmarczyk, for example, keeps several dozen carp in his water tank and uses the fishbones, scales and innards to help sustain his chickens. He also enjoys some well-placed influence: since his late father was said to be friendly with Jaruzelski, Karczmarczyk has managed to wheedle more feed out of the government than most of his colleagues do. He can therefore afford to be relatively stoical. His wife may think of Reagan as a "chicken killer," but the farmer maintains that "Reagan has taught us to think. For years we allowed ourselves to depend on the West to feed ourselves."

The Karczmarczyks at home: learning resourcefulness and self-sufficiency the hard way

The farmers' lot has been undermined by beetles and boycotts, taxation and a dry spell.

Wladyslaw Wicki, who has spent 56 of his 74 years on the farm, similarly dismisses current complaints by recalling the discomforts he endured between two world wars. That may be small consolation to his fellows as Poland's economic prospects grow darker and darker. Soon after Pope John Paul II's visit in June, it was reported that the Polish church was negotiating with the government to funnel about $2 billion into providing farms with machinery, seeds, fertilizer and other needed goods. Most of the farmers in Borkowo are either unaware or skeptical of the offer. The only thing they are sure of is that the best response to hardship is hard work. "On the farm," says Golunski, "we work only 360 days a year. The rest goes to vacation." ***—By Pico Iyer. Reported by John Moody/Warsaw***

By Theodore H. White

CHINA: Burnout of a Revolution

Nearly 45 years ago, just out of Harvard and still trying to master the intricacies of Mandarin, Theodore H. White made his way to China and found a land in turmoil. Settling in Chiang Kai-shek's wartime capital of Chongqing (Chungking), then a drowsy Yangtze River port with a population of 250,000, he soon began reporting from there for TIME. *One book* (Thunder Out of China, *1946), two wars (China against Japan, China against itself) and six eventful years later, he departed, in sharp disagreement with* TIME's *Editor-in-Chief, Henry R. Luce, about China's future. In the decades since, he has chronicled some of the major events of our time, from Europe's postwar recovery* (Fire in the Ashes, *1953) to America's shifting politics* (The Making of the President *series, 1960 to 1980). This spring, Pulitzer Prizewinner White returned to China for his first extended visit since the mid-1940s (in 1972 he covered Richard Nixon's brief trip). For nearly two months he crisscrossed China, revisiting Chongqing, now a bursting-at-the-seams metropolitan area of 14 million, exploring the crowded alleys and broad boulevards of Peking and interviewing scores of Chinese, from peasants to Politburo members. Once again he found a land in turmoil; this time, however, it was the turmoil not of war but of change. Here is his report:*

That first night back in China, my old friend Wang Bingnan drove me out to visit Fragrant Hill. From the hill you can almost see Peking, 25 miles away. In the evening, when the sun purples the range, the passes in the mountains show the way ancient conquerors cut their entry into the capital. That was the way Mao Tse-tung, the last conqueror, came to view Peking in 1949, when he held it in his hand—and Mao still haunts Fragrant Hill, as he haunts Peking, haunts all China, haunts its politics, dreams, nightmares.

The story, even now in 1983, started with him.

Wang Bingnan was telling me of his first night on the hill back then in 1949. He had arrived with Mao and the Zhongyang, the Central Committee that rules the Communist Party of China. They came as a nomad encampment, several thousand men and women who promised to give new government to the China they had conquered. For two years, they had been wandering the arid northlands, pursued by Chiang Kai-shek's divisions. But Mao had raced his own best troops northeast to Manchuria to encircle and wipe out Chiang's forces. Next he deployed his other armies, first to wipe out the last of Chiang's elite divisions south of the Yellow River, then to seize Peking.

So now, in March 1949, it was over—or just beginning. That last day's trek, Mao had moved the Zhongyang to Fragrant Hill so its fires twinkled above the capital. Mao's troops were still cleaning out the fallen city, and it was not yet safe for him to enter, even though Nationalist dignitaries were about to arrive to sue for peace. Each morning Chou En-lai and Wang Bingnan would drive down to negotiate; each evening they would drive back to report. Mao was inflexible: no terms for surrender. China was his to remake.

Wang Bingnan remembered how Mao, coming in from the march that first evening, had been offered a bed. He was to sleep on a spring mattress, after 15 years of sleeping on a hard board with only a thin peasant's pad between the board and his body. Wang remembered meeting Jiang Qing, Mao's wife, the next morning. The Chairman had slept badly, she scolded. He had finally decided to sleep on the hard floor where he was more comfortable. After that, Mao always slept on boards as peasants do, even in the old imperial grounds of Peking where emperors once slept.

The Zhongyang was all there on the Hill that first night: Mao himself; his wife Jiang Qing; Chou En-lai; Chu Teh; Peng Dehuai; Liu Shaoqi; the band of comrades who had shaken not only China but the world, comrades whose devotion to one another gave victory to their revolution. After which they murdered one another, tortured one another, tried to assassinate one another, imprisoned and humiliated one another.

Mao, of course, was the greatest name; he went on into Peking and became God—but also, with almost

From caves cut into the hills of Yanan, below a classic yellow Song pagoda, Mao Tse-tung guided his army to victory

no doubt, insane. Jiang Qing, a bitch killer and one of the great dragon ladies of Chinese history, now languishes under life sentence in jail. Peng Dehuai, a superlative military leader who had fought side by side with Mao for 20 years, went on to command the front against the Americans in the Korean War and later was named Minister of Defense. But he became the first openly to criticize Mao, and that cost him dearly. He was left to die of cancer in a common hospital ward in Peking, the windows of the ward papered over so he could not see the sun. Liu Shaoqi, named by Mao as President of China, was later dismissed and died in solitary confinement in 1969. Both were posthumously restored to honor in 1981 when they were officially recorded as having been "persecuted to death." They had been brothers in the faith of Mao-Marx-Lenin. But history held truths that overrode Marxism-Leninism as, for example, that suffering is a bond, but power is a drug. And once power was in their hands, the drug addled their minds and together they brought China to the threshold of ruin.

So one must begin the story of China now in 1983 with what happened once the revolutionaries came down from the slope of Fragrant Hill in 1949.

MAOISM: THE BLOODY SPIKE

Their problem was immensely complicated: How does an army make a government? Armies and generals are not particularly good at governing, and the problem of governing China has always been one to numb the mind. But in 1949 the army, its generals, its tough and cruel party, thought it would be simple.

The key to the problem, as the revolutionary armies and the party saw it in 1949, was Mao's thinking. "Mao Thought" should not be considered simply a dogma, or a slogan, least of all a coherent doctrine. It should be thought of as a spike, driven by the will of one man into the minds of his people, to nail them to his purpose. But in the next 25 years the spike was driven through the living flesh of people until they bled, or hungered, or died at random, until life became chaos. The spike had to be torn out or half China's people would perish. What is going on in China now is a great debate over whether to rip Mao Tse-tung entirely out of history, or whether to let what is left embedded of "Mao Thought" heal over.

Of all this I learned nothing that first night. I learned only later that Wang Bingnan (a hero of the revolution for arranging the Christmas 1936 kidnaping of Chiang Kai-shek, later China's senior diplomat in the West) had himself been purged during the Cultural Revolution, condemned to shoveling out barns on a collective farm. When I asked him how the horrors had come about, he murmured, "I myself don't understand"—and went on to other matters.

Since no outsider can ever really know what goes on in China, I had to content myself for almost two months with assembling fragments of reality, sifting gossip from apparent fact in trying to find out. Of the governing regime in China today, it may be said:

▸ The old soldiers who have recaptured control are engaged in the most delicate of political tasks, transfer of power. This transfer is not only from one generation to another but is cultural, military, academic, a shift from one set of elites to another.

▸ It is in America's interest that the Deng Xiaoping regime continue its reforms and peacefully transfer power. In the long run, the progress of Chinese science, technology and industry may challenge America as much as Japan has. But, in the short run, the present transition regime works to the world's good.

▸ This regime acknowledges the Communist Party to be guilty of sins against conscience and history. It has published an official confession, a story of terror and error, in an effort to set up reasonable government.

▸ Yet always it must be remembered that the old zealots of this regime are married to the thought of unending revolution and still seek to bring Taiwan back under their flag before they pass on. We have fought one war directly with the Chinese (in Korea) and another by proxy (in Viet Nam); a third confrontation should be avoided at all costs.

GLORY YEARS, NIGHTMARE YEARS

My last previous visit to China was with Nixon in 1972. We knew nothing of what was going on. I tried then to telephone an old friend and was told, "He's not home." When would he be back? "Not certain." This time I found him, and he told me where he had been when I last called: in solitary confinement in a Peking jail from 1968 to 1973. His wife, too, had been in solitary in the same jail. No charge had been brought against either of them, only that he was "under investigation." Greater horrors were taking place in China at the moment of the Nixon visit—hero leaders killed or forced to suicide; tens of thousands of China's best in jail or enduring savage punishment; scores of thousands killed by fanatics; the army called in to restore order where youthful Red Guards had bloodied the streets in civil war.

But of all this we knew nothing in 1972. Something called the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution was in full swing. But then, as now, it was as if we were feeling through a membrane: we could sense shapes, forms and fears, almost touch them. But we could not see through the membrane.

Peking now is, to the eye, a far better place. The city's long avenues of young trees, its handsome new architecture, its broad esplanades all promise coming splendor. The people are well dressed. Well-marked buses course their routes—on time. Men and women are healthy; the children are cherubs; the parks are flecked with the colors of young couples courting or families airing babies. The stores are well stocked, from dumplings to ducks. Bookstores are crowded, moviehouses and theaters jammed. Color television has arrived and with it commercial advertising.

Most of all, Mao is gone. It is as if the city had been

"THE COMRADES GAVE VICTORY TO THE REVOLUTION, AFTER WHICH THEY MURDERED, TORTURED, IMPRISONED AND HUMILIATED ONE ANOTHER"

Three who made a revolution: Mao, flanked by Chou En-lai, left, and Chu Teh at Yanan in 1946, three years before takeover

Mao and Wife Jiang Qing at Yanan in 1947

sponged of him and his "personality cult." The giant 40-foot-high portrait still hangs above the vermilion Tiananmen. But he now rests silent under a scarlet coverlet in the colonnaded mausoleum that dominates the great square.

People still talk about him—endlessly—and when they talk something peels off their normal guarded conversation. They talk of his glory years of triumph, the nightmare years of his horror, of the change that happened in this man who changed their lives, whom they both revile and revere to this day. When one talks to those who knew Mao personally, one comes across an exquisite perplexity as they try to untangle the revolution from the man who made it, the hero of the revolution from the villain who brought it to cataclysm. Those who attended him during his glory days and in his madness wonder what caused the devilish change in him, as well as when it took place.

There is the pathological view. He was, say those who studied the matter, suffering for years from Alzheimer's disease, a brain disorder leading to premature senility. Mao, some say, began to suffer a series of tiny strokes in 1959; others put the date at 1961. Slowly changing in personality, Mao would more and more receive visitors in his bedroom—a sloven's room, the bed strewn with books, leaflets, reports. Cordoned off from the world, he became the prisoner of his palace entourage, of his wife and of the Shanghailanders who, with Jiang Qing, formed the Gang of Four. "In the old days in Yanan," said one friend, "he would listen first, then talk. Now he talked but would not listen." At the end he would mumble and grunt, interpreters had to bend close to Mao's lips to strain sense from the mumbling. But, by then, all those once close to him had been killed or exiled from his inner court. Jiang Qing transmitted his orders.

What remained constant in Mao was his iron will, the invincible conviction of his own righteousness. Political analysts harp on two words: "speed" and "struggle." Mao had acquired the lust for speed in the last year of the revolution. In the fall of 1948 the commander in chief of his Manchurian strike forces, Marshal Lin Biao, had seized the key city of Shenyang (Mukden); but so many of Chiang Kai-shek's combat divisions were still at large in Manchuria that Lin Biao preferred to move with caution. Mao overruled him. Strike for the escape ports of Manchuria, he said, *now*. Cut them off. Field success vindicated him. Cut Peking off from Tianjin, Mao next commanded. And he was right. Strike next south of the Yellow River. There, in the famous Huai-Hai battle, half a million of Chiang's troops were captured or came over. On Oct. 1, 1949, less than a year from the seizure of Shenyang to the collapse of all resistance, Mao proclaimed the People's Republic of China. Now, more speed!

To the impulse for speed was added the driving force of "struggle." In Yanan *(see box)*, where the clean dry air is intoxicating and the heavens are close enough to touch, "struggle" had become doctrine. Nothing was impossible if his will could drive his people to "struggle against the mountains."

But the flatlands of central China, the wet paddyfields of south China were not mountains. They could not be climbed, they had to be governed and remade by changing the minds of the peasants who tilled them in the old ways. So, following the revolution came the Great Leap Forward, which collectivized agriculture. So millions died of starvation as China struggled to collectivize. The real China, where peasants sow and reap by season and by sweat, could not be remade with "Mao Thought." By 1958 Peng Dehuai was protesting that collectivization was not working. So was Liu Shaoqi, the President of China. Both were to die.

Just as Mao believed in speed and struggle, he also believed in conspiracy. If China was not moving with the speed he required to the socialist millennium he sought, there must be a conspiracy somewhere. Where else, he decided, but in his own party, where "class enemies" lurked? Yet it was not Mao's enemies who were resisting; it was China itself, and its realities of hunger and hope betrayed. "Mao Thought" could not move people as swiftly as it had moved armies. So, in 1966, Mao speeded the pace. "It was as if the law of inertia took over," said Hu Qiaomu, once Mao's private secretary, today in the Politburo as spokesman of China's intellectuals. "He was speeding the train down the track. The train came to a bend because the terrain of China is different from what Mao thought. The train could not take the turn. It derailed."

The derailing of China is what is called the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. No more ironic title has ever been given to a dogma that tried to erase all culture. China is now recovering at a swifter pace than one could hope. But its people have lost ten, some say 20 years of normal life. The greatest feat of the present regime is that it has had the courage to denounce the disaster, fix blame and reverse course.

A COUNTRY DRIVEN TO CHAOS

The tormented decade of the Cultural Revolution can be divided into three chapters. The first lasted from the outbreak in mid-1966 to the end of 1967, when roving bands of Red Guard youth ferreted out and purged the supposed enemies of Mao in the bureaucracy, in factories, in provincial centers. That period ended in an anarchy so sweeping that the army had to seize the cities and re-establish food supplies. But the army was commanded by Lin Biao, who could see that the old man was failing and that power would go to whoever struck first. Lin miscalculated; his plot to kill Mao was exposed; and when he was killed in an airplane crash while trying to escape in September 1971, the army was subordinate to party again, and the third period began. In this period, which lasted until 1976, party politics were twisted

After surrender, Nationalist troops leaving Peking in 1949 pass its main gate

"WHAT IS GOING ON NOW IS A DEBATE OVER WHETHER TO RIP MAO ENTIRELY OUT OF HISTORY OR TO LET WHAT IS LEFT EMBEDDED HEAL OVER"

into palace politics, as the Gang of Four sought to ensure the succession for themselves.

So much for history. What was happening was the triumph of fantasy over reality, a dogma so strange that endless blood underlined its absurdities. The theory of the Cultural Revolution was summed up in the word egalitarianism. All people must be re-educated to the peasant way of life. Enemies, said Mao, were buried in every party cell, every government office, every university, and must be burned out—"the capitalist roaders," "the stinking intellectuals," "the rightists," "the revisionists." And all across China, the youth, the Red Guards, then the careerists and thugs, responded to Mao's call ("Bombard the Headquarters") to join in the crusade against the hidden enemies. And as they searched for those enemies, they broke into factions and began killing each other.

They tell the stories in China now, some shamefacedly, some still burning with indignation at how the country was driven to chaos. There is a onetime Red Guard still horrified by a single memory. He was at high school in Peking and was awakened one night. A "struggle" meeting was going on in the school courtyard, the Red Guards struggling against two teachers and beating them. He crept down to the courtyard at 5 a.m. and there lay the bodies of the two teachers, beaten to pulp, dead. Another onetime student recalls: "My brother was at Peking University; he was beaten to death; then my mother committed suicide." I spoke to a brigade leader in a distant rural commune who had been hung from a stable rafter for days, suspended by his arms tied behind him, while Red Guards beat him with fists, sticks, irons. Finally his own peasants rescued him. In Chongqing, I spoke to the vice mayor, old beyond his years. He was sent down to an iron mine where he worked underground for three years.

Being "sent down," or *Xiafang*, as the Chinese call it, was very simple punishment. "Stinking intellectuals" were supposed to learn from the peasants what life is like when one must stoop for hours transplanting rice seedlings in the wet muck. Horror stories spurt—not grisly horror like eye gouging (which was reported only in south China), but simpler torment like being interrogated round the clock by Red Guards.

CARTIER-BRESSON MAGNUM

High and low alike, anyone with an education, anyone suspected of murmuring protest, in the bureaucracy, or the universities, or the army, could be sent down. All universities, except for military research centers, were closed, some for three years, some for five, some for a full ten. And, as dogma drove the spike into the flesh of the country, even the revered ancients of the revolution were pushed to death. Li Ta, one of the original founding fathers of the Communist Party of China in 1921, was "struggled" against until he committed suicide. He Long, a Robin Hood peasant bandit who became a marshal of the Red Army and helped conquer south-central China for the revolution, had been a hero. He Long suffered from diabetes, but the hospital denied him water, then injected him with glucose instead of insulin. So he died in 1969.

And then, after the street violence of the Red Guard youngsters had subsided, and Lin Biao had been eliminated, it became worse. All power fell into the hands of the palace court that surrounded Mao. Jiang Qing, of course, wanted to be named Premier to replace Chou En-lai. She named as Minister of Health Liu Xiangping, one of those ruthless women who abound in Chinese history. Liu was not only ignorant of medicine but devoid of decencies. She made the hospitals of the capital hostels of despair. Few could escape her clutch. Old veterans and ranking bureaucrats pleaded not to be sent to the hospitals from which they feared they would never emerge alive. They were told it was the will of the party and off they went. Liu Xiangping was the wife of Xie Fuzhi, chief of the secret police; he fingered victims, she executed.

For sweep of terror, China under the Cultural Revolution was the equivalent of Nazi Germany. Thugs, Red Guard bands and idealists fought in the cities, all rivaling one another to show loyalty to Mao Thought. Stories from the interior convey the sweep of the violence. In Chengdu, capital of Sichuan, the handsome old government palace was blown to bits by Red Guards; in its place they erected a new hall filled only with portraits of Mao. In Chongqing, workers fought each other with machine guns, artillery, armored cars and tanks. In Harbin, the factions used airplanes to bomb each other. In Peking, Red Guards stormed and burned the British embassy. In Wuhan, center of the great iron and steel complex as well as of several universities, steelworkers shaped up in three rival bands, while universities formed rival student bands, all warring within and against one another.

So millions suffered. There is no real count of those who died. The final official record says that 34,800 innocent people were put to death and 729,511 subjected to "unwarranted persecution." This takes no account of how many others died—bystanders at riots, those huddling under bombs or artillery, individuals stoned, beaten or stabbed to death.

Common sense itself revolted. The new dogma had not worked and it could not work. So the aging generals of the Civil War and Liberation had to move in, as they did on the night of Oct. 6, 1976.

FALL OF A DYNASTY

Chou En-lai, the last effective rational member of the inner circle, had died in January 1976. Twelve weeks later came the ceremonies of Qingming at which the Chinese honor their dead. Spontaneously, on April 1, thousands thronged Tiananmen Square to mourn him. The next day, more. Then again the following day and the day after, hundreds of thousands, in silent protest against the tyranny of the Gang of Four. Somehow Chou had come to be the symbol of

WILKES—LIFE

Mao and Chiang Kai-shek at 1945 meeting

As the Civil War nears an end, children assemble at a Shanghai welfare center

> "FOR SWEEP OF TERROR, CHINA UNDER THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION WAS THE EQUIVALENT OF NAZI GERMANY. THERE IS NO REAL COUNT OF THOSE WHO DIED"

With the Gang of Four still ascendant, Jiang Qing appears at Peking airport in April 1974

the true faith of the original revolution. In July Chu Teh, commander in chief of the revolution's armies, died. Then came the Tangshan earthquake—and in Chinese folklore great earthquakes always foretell the fall of a dynasty. Finally, on Sept. 9, Mao died, and it was time for someone to move. Either the Gang of Four would wipe out the last resistance and Jiang Qing would reign, or the veterans of the revolution would wipe out the Gang of Four. A classic case of "us" or "them," as tight as the events of 9 Thermidor, 1794, when it became a matter of life or death for members of France's revolutionary Convention: Robespierre would get them, or they would get him.

There is as yet no authentic story of the night of the coup and there may never be. Ye Jianying and Li Xiannian, both old marshals, led the coup. But I rest my knowledge only on the slim phrases I squeezed out of the deputy chief of staff of the army at the time—General Wu Xiuquan, now retired and old. "We controlled the garrison," he said. "We moved into Zhongnanhai (the imperial quarters). No bloodshed, no resistance. We arrested the four, one by one, in their homes." The people of China had had enough of the madness and violence. Not until six days later, Oct. 12, did the people of China learn the madness was over, from BBC out of London, reporting what British intelligence had gathered. In the underground the crab had been the symbol for Jiang Qing. So those who could afford to, ate crabs to celebrate.

This political insanity was put in context during a talk I had with Hu Qiaomu. Slow in speech, broad of nose, gray of hair, Hu had been a Shanghai intellectual in the '30s who trekked north to Yanan and became Mao's private secretary, worked with Deng Xiaoping, rose until 1966 when he, too, was purged.

"They put me through the jet," he said, then abruptly halted. A man put through the jet was forced to crouch motionless for hours or days, his head down and outstretched like the nose of a jet, his arms extended behind him like its wings. While Red Guards changed hourly, the victim crouched and answered questions. Some collapsed, some died. Hu survived but is a frail and melancholy man.

I wanted to question him on his authorship of the confession of error, the official history of the Communist Party, approved by the Zhongyang in June 1981. The structure and thinking, he insisted, were that of Deng Xiaoping; the document was a party document, not his alone.

"How did Mao make those mistakes?" I asked. After the revolution, Hu replied, it proved more difficult to establish socialism than it had been to overthrow the old regime. Differences between the leadership grew. The old brotherhood began to split with collectivization in 1958—a disaster. "Mao knew he had been wrong in the Great Leap Forward," said Hu Qiaomu. But when Peng Dehuai circulated a critical letter, Hu went on, he "was scraping at a wound which, left to itself, might heal. To scrape a man with a healing wound rouses all his irritations, angers him." So Mao got rid of Peng—first to go of the old guard.

Add to the pressures not only Mao's isolation but his growing distrust of the Soviet Union. "Mao's visits to Russia were not only very short but very unpleasant," said Hu. Mao believed that the Soviets had bureaucratized their revolution, had betrayed Marxism, were traitors to Communism—revisionists! If the Soviets had succumbed to bureaucracy, might not the same thing happen in China? Thus, a growing suspicion that revisionism and class enemies might be infecting even his own party. On went Hu, describing the paranoia growing. Mao had disliked intellectuals ever

YANAN: CRADLE OF THE REVOLUTION

Camels with tinkling bells no longer shuffle through; nor do mules with their red tufts; nor shepherds with their flocks. Yanan is now a small north China town, its main street traffic controlled by two stop lights. It boasts cigarette factories, woolen mills, an opera house, a modern hotel. Only the yellow Song pagoda marks the village where history once happened.

For ten years this cleft in the hills was the cradle of China's revolution. Now its few visitors (6,000 all last year) come like pilgrims to Jerusalem to see where it began—or to remember. Their route is almost as well marked as the Stations of the Cross. Following it, one traces the explosions that overturned China.

First station: the home of Mao Tse-tung, where he made his headquarters in January 1937, preparing to fight the Japanese as ally of Chiang Kai-shek. The shrine sits in a dusty courtyard, now gardened and grown with new pines. Here was his bed, says the guide, herethe two blue enamel boxes in which he carried his records on the Long March; here is the charcoal pan at which, one day while he was writing, he was so absorbed his sandals began to burn. Next door is another little house, once shared by Chu Teh (with wife) and Chou En-lai (with wife). One notes: a private house for Mao, for his two closest companions a shared cottage. Here Mao lived until 1938, when the Japanese began to bomb Yanan and he moved three miles north to the cave encampment at Yangjialing.

By 1938, one notes, Mao had two whitewashed rooms in Yangjialing and a private air-raid shelter. On either side, Chu Teh and Chou En-lai each had caves. By now their Red Army had become the Eighth Route Army and was across the Yellow River, fighting Japan. Beneath their hill, by 1942, they had built the yellow brick headquarters of the Central Committee. These three were to remain the power for almost 40 years.

The next stage of pilgrimage comes another mile or two away, the famous Zaoyuan, or Date Garden, to which the leaders moved in 1942. By then, they had broken completely with Chiang. There, on the dominant slope, are the caves of the same three men. Mao's boasted no fewer than five rooms; he slept now in a handsome dark wood sleigh bed, on a

since he had been a $30-a-month librarian in Peking in his youth. "The more knowledge you give the people," said Mao, "the more you hold back revolutionary thought." Or, "The more books people read, the more foolish they become." So Mao let loose the Cultural Revolution, but, said Hu, "once he let the genie out of the bottle, he could not put it back in."

I tried to bring Hu to personalities. Peng had been too proud and stubborn, he said. Lin Biao had been too ambitious, a careerist, sucking up to Mao, then trying to kill him. Finally he came to Jiang Qing. Here Hu's anger burst. "If you were to write a biography of Mao, she would be the tragedy of his life." Then, an anecdote about Jiang Qing escorting Imelda Marcos, the First Lady of the Philippines, on a visit to Tianjin. The state cavalcade roared through the peasants, ran one down and killed him. Stop, said Imelda. No, said Jiang Qing, drive on! The cavalcade drove on.

Did Mao know of the horrors? Both Peng Dehuai and Liu Shaoqi had lived so close to Mao below the ledge in the Date Garden of Yanan—how could he have let them be put to death? Pathetically, Hu ruminated, then slurred his reply. "No . . . no . . . Mao did not know. It was all so secret, you understand. Even the Politburo did not know. They put Peng into a hospital under a false name. Even the doctors did not know his real name." Chou tried to find out what was happening to Peng. "He couldn't. It was a secret even from Chou." Mao trusted nobody in the last days.

Yet Hu also told of how Mao, who did not believe in torment but in "re-education" of his enemies, heard about an old Yanan comrade being imprisoned and tortured. "But this is fascism, not Communism!" cried Mao, and ordered punishment relaxed to house arrest.

I complimented Hu on the official confession. "The problem," he said, "had been how to assign blame yet preserve Mao's merits, though flawed." After three sessions, the Central Committee came up with the compromise that now rules Chinese thinking: there is crime and there is error, and they are different. Mao was not a criminal, said Hu. Mao was guilty of error; he had betrayed Mao Thought, contradicting himself. His merits outweighed his mistakes. Thus, the official history of disaster, the dethronement of a god.

Could terror reign once more? No, said Hu—and he was firm. A modern country needs intellectuals, scientists. This was Deng's view too. How could modernization proceed without thinking people? I persisted: Could it happen again? No, he answered. Not because of the new constitution. Not because of the transfer of power. No—because someone who puts his finger on a hot stove gets burned and will not put his finger there again. The terror, Hu assured me, could not return because the people now would not accept it.

In a ritual of humiliation, dunce-hatted former officials are driven through Peking by Red Guards

UNTANGLING THE MESS

It was two years before the old generals could purge and remold the party. By 1978 they had brought back from disgrace Deng Xiaoping, the deftest politician among them. At the end of 1978, the reorganized Central Committee, under Deng, had repudiated the economics of the Cultural Revolution and ordered reforms. It took two more years to bring to trial and convict the Gang of Four; and in 1981 the Central Committee adopted the official confession of Communist error. It was another year before they elected, in 1982, a new Zhongyang and adopted a new constitution, the fourth since Liberation. So there is now a new ruling regime *(see box, page 42)*.

What is going on under this new leadership is a

hardwood board with only a thin pad on top. Chu Teh had a fine cave suite to his left, Chou En-lai to his right.

What I remember best is the stone tables, the stone blocks used as chairs when they chose to dine outside; and the little pavilion built for Mao to rest, think, write when the skies were sunny. Beyond the hills his troops had reached the coast of China, fighting on Pacific shores. On this ledge, at such a stone table, Major General Patrick Hurley signed his compact with Mao in November 1944. Both promised, with American aid, to bring to China Roosevelt's Four Freedoms and the Bill of Rights. It required only Chiang Kai-shek's consent, which never came. Nor did Mao follow through on his commitment.

Just below the ledge are two cottages, one for Peng Dehuai, who would become Defense Minister, one for Liu Shaoqi, who would become President. The three cave dwellings above and the two cottages below made the ruling group; they met as neighbors, friends, brothers, as they planned the revolution to come. The lesser two were persecuted to death; the reigning three were all to die of natural causes in a nine-month period of 1976, at least two of them knowing their revolution had misfired, and the largest of them all, Mao, insane.

The Date Garden is now tidied up, a splendid Chinese garden. No sounds echo through it, no bugles sound in the morning. It was all abustle in its glory days, but now the water ripples silently through the irrigation ditch and the pears and apple trees in springtime's pink and white blossoms offer their beauty only to occasional visitors.

On then to the army headquarters at Wangjiaping, a mile or two away. When I had last seen it in 1944, it was a place of excitement. It is now a gray, empty barracks, quite forbidding. Adjacent to it is the last station of the pilgrimage—Mao slept here for several weeks in his last days in Yanan, preparing to flee and reorganize his armies for the final assault on the Nationalists; he and the entire Central Committee were to be on the march for the next two years. Mao, says the guide, left Yanan on March 19, 1947, maneuvering to lure Chiang Kai-shek after him while he closed in on Chiang's rear. The guide took us to where a red memorial now stands to Mao's son, killed by the artillery of the enemy in Korea, the enemy unnamed in courtesy to this American visitor.

"Had Mao ever come back to visit?" I asked. No, others had returned to this Valley Forge of the Chinese Revolution—Chou En-lai, Deng Xiaoping, others. But not Mao. He lived in a world of his own and never looked back.

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cracking of the bones of Mao's state—which had to follow from the cracking of Mao's theories and ideas.

Let another old-guard Communist tell what he found when he was restored to power. Liao Zhili, 68, now deputy director of the State Commission for Restructuring the Economic System, was sent down from 1968 to 1978. Liao grew animated as he told of China as left by the Cultural Revolution.

"It was," he says, "madness. They believed in public ownership of *everything*. They wanted to eliminate all private workers. In all China there were only 150,000 private workers. They wanted the barbershops, the bathhouses, the shoemaking shops all to be state enterprises. The poorer the people, was their theory, the more 'revolutionary' they would become. We found we had 26 million people unemployed—and the state was supposed to find jobs for all of them.

"They had two systems for the economy—'line authority' and 'bloc authority.' " Line authority ran from the central-government ministries down to the smallest factories and mines in China, north or south. "We found one factory with 4,000 workers but only one toilet. The workers would line up for hours to get to the toilet. But any building of more than 200 sq. ft. had to be approved by line authority at the top, the State Planning Commission in Peking. Should such a committee have to decide about toilets? We had a factory in Hebei that produced good worsteds that people wanted for suits. But the plan called for the mill to produce *coarse* woolens." So the mill met its quotas in coarse woolens, and they piled up in the warehouses. All over China, Peking set quotas and ignored what the people, the market, demanded.

"Take bloc authority," Liao went on. "That meant the provincial governments did the trading and marketing. Villages in north Jiangsu, for example, raise tomatoes, so they need bamboo staves to make the wicker tepees that hold tomatoes up. Anhui [just across the border] had surplus bamboo. But tomato farmers in Jiangsu couldn't get any bamboo from Anhui because that crossed a provincial border. That's bloc authority."

Suddenly, he exploded:"Peanuts! Everybody in China likes to eat peanuts. But peanuts disappeared entirely; the peasants couldn't ship to the towns. Eggs! You could buy eggs in the city only on holidays. Meat! There was no meat in the cities to buy. Everything was on coupons. Dates! Not even coupons could buy you dates—you needed a doctor's prescription."

On he went with wry amusement as he told how the new regime was untangling "egalitarianism." It would be years before it was all untangled. But much had already been accomplished, particularly where the peasants had been invited into the "responsibility" system and had restored the market system. It was the countryside where I would see reforms working best.

REMOVING THE HANDCUFFS

The countryside means almost anywhere, for 80% of China's people still work in the fields. Start with Sichuan, my home base for six years. The province is so fertile that the old phrase ran, "Anything that grows in China, grows better in Sichuan."

Sichuan used to feed itself. But then, from the czars of the Cultural Revolution, came the order that *two* rice crops be grown a year. Rice, however, is a tricky crop. Sichuan had evolved its own two-crop culture—rice in summer and wheat or rapeseed in winter. But Peking had ordered *two* rice crops a year. So Sichuan tried to meet its quotas. When the climate made that impossible, the government had to send grain into this onetime surplus province, and the peasants hungered.

I found Sichuan enjoying change, as a man does when handcuffs and leg irons are removed. The new reforms were quite simple: the peasants could now decide what to plant and when, and whether to sell any surplus to state markets or free markets. If they met their quotas to the state, the surplus was theirs to eat or to sell. The margin is still precariously thin—just enough for peasants to keep their chins above water. Five years ago, only their nostrils were visible.

A quick six-day tour of the province, for an old-timer, is a delight. The small towns throb again, their booths full of sweets, cookies, housewares, clothes, textiles, flower pots and flowers. In big cities like Chengdu and Chongqing, the huge food markets overwhelm the eye with food that can be bought without coupons. Hogs come squealing to market in wheelbarrows, on tractors, even lashed to the backs of bicycles, then reappear in the markets as huge slabs of pink-and-white pork. Peasants bring in their wives' squawking chickens, eight to a basket. Down the market lanes peasants sell geese and ducks; eels from the canal ditches; fish from their ponds; fruit; fresh vegetables; herbs, spices, ginger root; delicacies. Canaries are for sale again, along with other caged birds, and cricket boxes. Shoemakers ply their trade; itinerant dentists, with their foot-paddle drills, have reappeared.

The markets are real. So is the astonishing good health, the ruddy vitality of the people, so different from the scrawny peasants I remember 40 years ago. The gurgling babies pleasure the eye—no trachoma, no scabies, no rickety limbs, no potbellies of famine.

But the eye can deceive. This has been a great year in China: a prospective record harvest, record incomes. Yet peasant prosperity is fragile. Here was Sichuan in green spring, the wheat turning yellow, soon to be golden. But if the rains fell at the wrong time, the wheat would be beaten to the ground and lost, and there would be a slim rice crop in the fall. This huge province lives on the margin of hunger.

The "responsibility system" in Sichuan has demonstrated that peasants work best when they tend their own fields. For Westerners this recognition seems equivalent to the rediscovery of the wheel. But

> "THE MARGIN IS STILL THIN—JUST ENOUGH FOR PEASANTS TO KEEP THEIR CHINS ABOVE WATER. FIVE YEARS AGO, ONLY THEIR NOSTRILS WERE VISIBLE"

Unloading fresh produce at Wuhan market

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Gleaming rolls of steel at the modern Wuhan works, which can produce 3 million metric tons a year

with a crucial difference. The state, via the commune, has replaced the old landlord. It owns the fields; the peasant rents an allotted share of land; if he meets the state's quota (once called the landlord's rent), he keeps the rest. This is progress. It is harsh; yet the Great Cultural Revolution was far more cruel.

Days later I visited "a big brigade" in the province of Hubei that was beginning to refer to itself, not as a brigade but, again, as a *cun*, a village. The brigade chief, a bald-headed veteran Communist, explained once more that peasants could now decide on their own crops and routines. "Responsibility" made them *care* about the harvest. Then, as an afterthought, he added, "It is not only the *attention* of the farmer that helps. He now uses his own organic material, also the organic material of the chickens and buffaloes to enrich his fields." I read very precisely what he meant. Now that a peasant is responsible for the land allotted to him, he cultivates it like a garden. His excrement, pig excrement, chicken droppings are all sumped together with urine, then ladled into buckets. The peasant then pours the mixture onto each stalk. Ladling the slime onto the seedlings is smelly, unpleasant duty. But the slime works; production had been rising for three years, and the peasants ate well.

Finally we came to the population problem. Since collectivization in 1958, the brigade's population had risen from 1,300 people to 2,720. So in the reform share-out of 1980, the largest plot was four mu (two-thirds of an acre). Too many people, too little land.

The net impression, after weeks in the countryside: China's farms are on the mend; peasants are eating again; a few are even getting rich with rows of chicken coops, private stalls and little carpenter shops.

THE POETRY OF NUMBERS

Industry is enjoying a greater boom, and to China's planners, it is the measure of the country's ability to enter the modern world. Chinese industry is the ultimate challenge to tomorrow's system of world trade, and sooner or later, America must adjust its economy to China's as it tries to adjust to Japan's.

Chinese leaders love to talk of industry, rippling statistics over their stories as satin merchants used to ripple silks over their hands. Probe at a Chinese official and figures immediately begin to flow: the largest cotton industry in the world today, 18 billion sq. yds. annually (6.6 billion in the U.S. in 1981); steel production up from nearly zero 40 years ago to a projected 40 million metric tons this year (1983 projection for the U.S.: 77 million metric tons). Television sets (6 million), washing machines (2.5 million), refrigerators, a precious luxury (only 100,000) trickling out of new factories. None are yet good enough for export, but wait. Already a Shanghai factory ships watches as far away as Singapore, of quality to match the Japanese. A new multiplex cable factory, rising in Chengdu under American direction, will be able in the next few years to meet not only the needs of China's missile systems but also of the urban complexes, where telephone systems are still primitive. On and on goes the poetry of numbers, as planners celebrate the recovery from the dreary years of the Great Leap Forward and the Cultural Revolution.

The theory of the new responsibility system blankets industry too. Industry is "responsible" to make what people need and to make a profit. Follow this theory, however, down to the assembly lines or the rolling mills, as one does, say, in Wuhan, with its famous iron-and-steel works (capacity: 3 million metric tons a year). Questions pucker. The national plan does not provide enough raw materials to keep this Wuhan installation running at full capacity. Later one learns that the steel industry has managed to misdirect its objectives, so that 20 million tons of steel lie rusting in warehouses.

Another question follows—that of "technology transfer." The Wuhan works use Japanese and German mills, and the Chinese have begun to ship steel mills of their own design to more backward countries in Africa. Still another question occurs as one paces the high catwalk above the steaming rolling line. What do these people get paid? Sixty Chinese yuan a month on the average, less than $8 take home a week per worker. Double that to include hardship bonuses, medical care, low-cost housing, schools. Call it $20 a week with fringe benefits for a Chinese worker. How can American steelworkers compete, when their wages (plus fringe benefits) run $22 an hour and they work with old equipment?

Follow the big industrial boom further, to textiles and garments. The largest cotton mill in all China sits in Chengdu, in Sichuan. It makes a profit producing for the China market. Its workers get paid perhaps $25 a month in take-home pay. The China market absorbs all the flower-printed cloth that comes off the print mills, but the factory management is under considerable pressure to pursue Western markets and make dollar profits, which are the great prize. Can American textile workers possibly compete? Six dollars a week against an average North Carolina wage of $250 a week less deductions? In Shanghai, the net cost of the labor that goes into making a man's suit is $2. New York's garment industry—or Philadelphia's, or Chicago's—cannot compete with that. But what share of the American market do the Chinese plan to capture? And do we wish to hasten or slow the Chinese experiment in transition?

No group could be more sensitive to the changes required by the transition to an "enterprise" system than the six old veterans of the Standing Committee. Life hurries them on; age presses them. They need new, younger men in the party, in the provinces, in industry. And they must choose their replacements, managers, engineers, scientists, *now*.

> ❝CHINA'S INDUSTRY IS THE ULTIMATE CHALLENGE. SOONER OR LATER, AMERICA MUST ADJUST ITS ECONOMY TO CHINA'S AS IT TRIES TO ADJUST TO JAPAN'S❞

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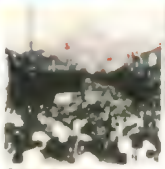


Street crowds in mountain-girt Guilin symbolize one of China's most intractable problems—too many people, too little land

PASSING THE BATON

Transfer of power is particularly dangerous in China, where traditionally it went hand in hand with humiliations and killing. The pattern was quite simple. Warriors conquered power, then found it would not function without scholar-bureaucrats, "mandarins." The aging warrior-leaders of the Standing Committee know they too must create a mandarinate. A few years ago, thinkers and scholars were "stinkers"; today, they are desperately needed. But can the old men shift power to them without upheaval?

The transfer of power is now going on as far down as the six-man oligarchy of Peking can reach. But it is so delicate that their government tiptoes as if through a minefield. To talk about this process, I called on Huan Xiang, a vice president of the Academy of Social Sciences in Peking. Huan too had been humiliated, purged and rusticated. After the Gang of Four was wiped out, he came back to Peking. The old soldiers knew that matters had gone wrong—but only scholars could say how and why. So they called in the scholars, Huan among them, to analyze the disaster.

Then the scholars offered suggestions. Students at universities must be admitted only after tests of competence, not because of party loyalty or class background. Industries must be organized not to meet quotas but to meet need. Planning must fit reality. Most important: peasants must be released from state planning to plant their own crops.

The scholars suggested that the party too had to change. There should no longer be one total authority compelling every unit of the state, from commune to city to Peking, to zig or zag every time the party zigged or zagged. The party's function is to lead. The government has another function: to keep order. Enterprise has yet another function, from village field to factory floor: to produce. Now the entire country was living through experiments, said Huan, trying to separate party apparatus from governing apparatus.

As I traveled the interior, hotels were crowded by provincial party caucuses and provincial "people's" congresses, assembled to follow the new party line—dismantle, restructure, reorganize. Out of this effort has since come the new National People's Congress. It is difficult to measure the change in texture from the last session of the Fifth Congress (December 1982), for Chinese sources either lack, or refuse to give, comparative figures. One knows, however, that the average age of the 2,978 new members has fallen sharply, as Deng wished. Its composition is remarkable: women, rare in Chinese gatherings, number 632, or 21%; non-Communist Party members make up 37%; industrial managers, intellectuals, engineers count out at 41%; army delegates total only 267, or 9%.

Chinese officials insist that the transfer of power from one generation to another is irrevocable. If one believes them, as they try to believe themselves, then this new National People's Congress may have real power, may mark a change to a Chinese system of checks and balances, Congress checking on government, both checking on party, party interacting on both.

But what if the new Congress is only window dressing, a façade like those before it? To whom, then, will power pass as the old men die off? Does this Congress dare test its will against the will of the party? What haunts thoughtful Chinese and foreign diplomats alike is the guess on the stability of the new regime. How many old hatreds, old scores sputter in opposition to the new course?

SIX WHO RULE—AND REMEMBER

Though Chinese politics is forever a mystery to Westerners, one can make out its outlines. Supreme power lies in the six-man Standing Committee of the Politburo. The Politburo of 25 men is where politics shifts and simmers; below it is the 210-member Central Committee, where younger people, engineers, technicians, provincial party leaders voice the growing pressures from below. Outside them all is the army—wary, suspicious, slowly being subordinated by the Standing Committee to the government

All decisions come to final judgment in the six-man Standing Committee, a band of old wartime veterans dominated by Deng Xiaoping. He does not hold China's highest titles (he is chairman of both the party and government military commissions), but there is no doubt that he is the "paramount leader." Deng is a tiny man (approximately 5 ft. tall), half elf, half gunman; at 79 he is China's foremost pragmatist and is engagingly candid. A brilliant youngster who graduated from high school at 15, he went off to France after World War I as a student. There he met Chou En-lai (of whom Deng said recently, "I regarded him as my elder brother"), joined the Communist movement, returned to China, led peasant insurrections in Guangxi and joined Mao Tse-tung for the Long March. Chief political commissar of Mao's personal forces on the March, he went on to fight the war against the Japanese in the mountain province of Shanxi. In the "Liberation War" he rose to become political commissar of the revolutionary Second Field Army; he wound up both wars with a record of glory and rose to membership in the Standing Committee by 1956. With the outbreak of the Cultural Revolution, he was officially named the "No. 2 capitalist roader" in the party, after Liu Shaoqi. Accused of arrogance, gluttony and dissolute habits (addiction to bridge and mah-jongg), he was purged and paraded through the streets of Peking wearing a dunce cap. He was rusticated several times—to stoop labor in Jiangxi, later to serve meals at the mess of a party training camp outside Peking. But he bears larger scars of memory. During the Great Terror, one of his sons was forced to jump—or was pushed—from the fourth-story window of his student dormitory, and is now paralyzed from the waist down, a cripple for life. Deng is a reasonable man, also a hard man. He does not forget.

Deng Xiaoping

Ye Jianying

Li Xiannian

Oldest of the six-man group is Marshal Ye Jianying, 86. From the Communist uprising in Canton in 1927 to the coup against the Gang of Four in 1976, Ye was central. He now carries no official title, is ailing, will almost surely be replaced soon. He too bears wounds. His son, an aviator, was forced to stoop labor during the Terror. Overworked, exhausted, beaten, the son one night put his hand into the gears of a threshing machine; the hand was mangled. That son will never fly again. So Ye does not forget.

Next comes Li Xiannian, 78, also a war hero; he has now been named officially President of China. He too carries memories. During the Great Terror, mobbed by the Red Guards, he

THREATS, "RIGHT" AND "LEFT"

The simmer of unrest in China, the undersputter, is pervasive. There comes first, when one looks for opposition, the old Red Army. Trained in combat, promoted by victory, its leaders were men of capacity and command. Slowly, so as not to disturb a slumbering volcano, the aging commanders are being urged out. Retirement is greased with comforts: full pay, choice of home anywhere in China, honors and consultancies. The murmur of envy puts it that such retired generals are guaranteed *fangzi, chezi, haizi*—quarters at least as good as those they enjoyed as commanding generals, car and driver for life, preference for their children in schools and army.

But detachment from privilege and authority disturbs old men. The army was, in its beginning, the people in arms. Then it became a state within a state, submitting its own budget each year; the official planning authority scrutinized its demands but always approved them. Now, under the new constitution, the "government" theoretically must approve the army's military budget. That way lies trouble, as any American Secretary of Defense can testify. Deng Xiaoping is chief of the party's military commission, which promotes, demotes, transfers and appoints the senior commanders of China's eleven military regions. But the new constitution gives the Congress a military commission too. Since Deng chairs both commissions, all is well momentarily; and the six men of the party's Standing Committee all came out of the ranks. So long as such men control, the Congress will do as they say. But the six old men cannot last forever. Thus it disturbs some important generals that nominal authority has been transferred to the Congress.

The party, too, is restless. Buried deep in the ranks of its 35 million to 40 million members are old careerists and rice-bowl men who grabbed offices during the Cultural Revolution. Many have been forced out. But millions remain, and they must somehow finally be ousted. A purge is scheduled for late this year. Party cells are already being called together to restore the shattered morale of all those who were once willing to give their lives to high purpose but who now, alas, no longer believe. Restoring morale within the party is perhaps even more tricky than subordinating the army to government.

Follows next the threat that the Chinese say "comes from the right." This is serious because it rises not from nostalgia but from simple human envy. I find myself at a livestock fair—goats, mules, cows, horses, sheep and lambs, pigs and piglets. An old peasant has brought his sow, suckling 13 piglets. He is offering them at 18 yuan ($9) each, more than 200 yuan. And the sow farrows twice a year. The diplomat accompanying me purses his lips. His monthly salary is only 200 yuan; this peasant lives better than he. The diplomat's devotion to his government is total, but how long can such devotion last?

I have to extrapolate the "rightist" threat to the regime from what can only be called the everlasting human residue. That residue of appetite shows in the cities, from Canton to Shanghai to Peking. It is a subtle, subversive threat. The puritan China of Mao frowned on sex. But Mao would erupt from his mausoleum if he could see what Peking now offers (and even more vividly, Shanghai and Canton). I went to see the top-billed vaudeville troupe of China, visiting from Shanghai. Except for concubines, women in China once showed their thighs only to their husbands. Now here were twirlers, dancers, women in tutus, their skirts cut

Bather at Qingdao displays a lot of leg. Once, though, women in China showed their thighs only to their husbands

was saved only by Chou En-lai's intercession. How can you attack this man as a "capitalist roader," asked Chou, when he is in charge of our aid to Viet Nam, where we are fighting American imperialism?

Then comes Chen Yun, 78, a shy man who was elected to the Politburo as far back as the Long March in 1934. Once a soldier, he later served as Chairman of the State Financial and Economic Commission and has become China's leading economic thinker, the man who insists that China's people need consumer goods and the state must loosen its controls to provide them. This sets him against Li Xiannian, who thinks that China must focus on infrastructure and capital goods. Chen suffered only lightly during the Cultural Revolution—exiled to the south in 1969, returning to power only after Deng regained control.

Then follow the two "young" men. Most important for the future is probably Hu Yaobang, 68, General Secretary of the party. A peppery personality, Hu ran away from home at the age of 14 to join the Communists; trooped with them on the Long March to north China; served against both Japanese and Nationalists, rising to political commissar of an entire army group by the end of the Liberation War. He was once private secretary to Liu Shaoqi, and during the war was close to Deng too. His punishment by the Cultural Revolutionaries was years in the stables, eating and sleeping with sheep and horses.

Chen Yun

Hu Yaobang

Zhao Ziyang

Zhao Ziyang is the baby of the ruling group at 64. He is a favorite of Deng Xiaoping and made his mark, after the downfall of the Gang of Four, by reorganizing the province of Sichuan. Now, as Premier, he operates the governing machinery and, by all reports, does it well. He too must be considered one of the Old Guard, a warrior, having fought both Japanese and Nationalists with valor. His ordeal in the Cultural Revolution lasted only four years: 1967-1971. He was dragged from his home in Canton, paraded through the streets with the ritual dunce cap of "capitalist roaders," then rusticated.

Take this ruling group and together they shape up as the oldest in the world. All are men of Yanan, the Valley Forge of China; all but one of them veterans of the Long March when Communism was a dream that tugged them forward. They are men of the old combat army, but of a generation that is passing—as if America were, today, governed by a six-man committee consisting of Generals MacArthur, Patton, Eisenhower and a few outstanding divisional World War II commanders. They have lived long enough to be honored for large victories and to have suffered from their own triumphant revolution. Aging revolutionaries who have recaptured power, they seem to want, most of them, to give China back to the ideals of the original revolution. They are struggling to avoid such a transfer of power as Mao, in his senile dementia, tried to mastermind from the palace court. They meet, usually, in the old Zhongnanhai imperial grounds, sometimes in the Great Hall of the People, sometimes in places unspecified.

Their problem is the same as it was when they came out of the hills: How to give China government? What kind of government? How does one create a civilized order in a nation that has no history except the memory of tyrants, plus beauty, cruelty and poetry?

Six hard facts about Pacific Telesis Group.

1

We're organized for tomorrow. On January 1, 1984, PacTel Group will be divested from AT&T. Reporting initially to this new holding company will be five subsidiaries designed to capitalize on the market potential of information age services: Pacific Bell and Nevada Bell, two strong telephone companies with over 75 years of experience; PacTel Communications Systems, which will be an innovative marketer of customer premises communications equipment; PacTel Publishing, which will publish Yellow Pages and other classified directories and (assuming any necessary court approvals) market a variety of publishing and advertising services; and PacTel Mobile Access, a specialist in the rapidly expanding field of mobile communications.

2

We're financially stronger today. In the last three years, Pacific has planned and executed a remarkable financial and operational turnaround.
Example: Revenues increased by $2 billion during the 1980-82 recession.
Example: At divestiture, Pacific's debt will be less than 47% of total capital.
Example: A $1.2 billion back tax liability has been largely eliminated.
Example: Total number of employees has been reduced from over 118,000 in 1981 to just under 100,000 today. And the number of access lines per employee has increased from 91 in 1981 to 107 today.

3

We're technologically advanced. In the past three years, Pacific has spent over $1.2 billion to modernize its network. A pioneer in fiber optics, the company is building in Los Angeles the most sophisticated metropolitan communications system in the world. To meet growing demands from business customers for faster, more reliable data transmission, Pacific has converted 60% of its interoffice trunking facilities to digital. The goal: 90% by 1992. The same holds true for switching facilities. Today, 51% are computer controlled; by 1988, 85% are projected to be; and by 1992, the projection is 99%. Other modernization efforts have greatly improved service while, at the same time, cutting costs.

4

We serve a dynamic, growing marketplace. Pacific Telesis Group will operate in the nation's premier marketplaces: California, the largest state and Nevada, the fastest growing state. PacTel Group will serve over 20 million people in this dynamic area. Last year, these consumers dialed 30 billion local calls and three and a half billion long distance calls. In the first six months of this year they ordered over 150,000 new access lines.
But the story of this marketplace is more than one of just large volumes. With its concentration of high technology industries, universities and world-renowned research facilities, the market we serve is among the most sophisticated in the world.

5

We have a proven management team. Pacific Telesis Group will be managed by a strong, forward-thinking team, headed by Donald E. Guinn, Chairman and CEO. This is the same team that conceived and engineered Pacific's financial and technological turnaround of the last three years. They're in place now, they're ready for divestiture and on 1-1-84, they'll lead a $16 billion Pacific Telesis Group into the future.

6

We're committed to meeting the needs of investors. With divestiture, AT&T shareowners will become Pacific Telesis Group shareowners. PacTel Group will be customer and financially-focused, and its top management is committed to meeting the expectations of the company's new owners. For more information write: Michael McGreevy, 140 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94105.

PACIFIC TELESIS
Group

The new '84 Ford Tempo. Technology never felt so comfortable.

The inside story.

Tempo's interior is a computer-refined compartment for five. Computer-designed placement of seats, door, roof and window areas afford maximum space efficiency.

Even Tempo's front-wheel-drive configuration was designed to provide more interior room. Since there is no drive shaft, there is no large hump to rob valuable floor space. In fact, Tempo actually has more rear room than a Mercedes 300D.*

For driver's convenience, controls are all placed within easy reach. For added ease, wipers and washer, directionals, high beams and flash-to-pass are located on the steering column itself.

Technology that works for you.

Outside, a unique aerodynamic shape channels the wind over and around Tempo to help increase fuel efficiency. It also directs the airflow, reducing overall lift for improved stability and directional control.

Its front-wheel drive delivers all-weather traction, while its four-wheel independent suspension provides a smooth ride.

Plus, Tempo has the world's most advanced automotive computer, the EEC-IV. It processes up to 250,000 commands per second. Coupled with Tempo's 2300 HSC (High Swirl Combustion) engine, you get quick power response from a standing start and at cruising speed.

Best-built American cars.

When we say "Quality is Job 1," we are talking about more than a commitment. We are talking about results. An independent survey concluded Ford makes the best-built American cars. The survey measured owner-reported problems during the first three months of ownership of 1983 cars designed and built in the U.S. And that commitment continues in 1984.

*Based on EPA Interior Volume Index

Have you driven a Ford... lately?

Ford

only a few inches below the crotch. Jiang Qing would have condemned them all to stoop labor.

The drive shaft of the rightist threat, however, is not sex but greed. A few Chinese are getting rich. Capitalism has been permitted tiny openings to start up enterprises, so some will grow richer. Yet the main frame of government remains the dedication of civil servants who must work for almost nothing. And even the most dedicated can be lured from devotion by creature comforts. So one hears of corruption now surfacing in the party, street crime growing in the cities, a silent threat to the regime.

THE GREATEST PROBLEM

Of all the threats, however—the corrosion of money and prosperity, the corrosion of manners invited by the spectacle of bare thighs and soap opera on television—none is more explosive than the unshaped discontent that pulses from human nature itself. That threat rises from what is China's overwhelming, perhaps insoluble, problem, which is simply: What do you do when you have too many people?

China has more than doubled its population in 36 years, from 455 million people to more than 1 billion. The crunch of people crushes city and country alike. In the cities, housing obsesses talk. Since there is no private housing, no rental housing, the party unit decides, according to rank, pull and number of people in the family, who gets how many feet of living space. Peking offers most—an average 45 sq. ft. per individual. Wuhan averages 40, Shanghai less, an incredibly tiny 30 sq. ft. per person (apart from kitchen and community toilet). But high officials are rewarded with hundreds of square feet, as are favored foreigners.

The government recognizes, as does the party, that China holds too many people; the figures are grim, inexorable, inescapable. No one knows what can be done about it. Is it too late?

The party and government have a policy: to each family one baby, no more. In the large cities, this is barely enforceable. If a family has more than two babies, some government offices cut the father's salary by 10% or 20%. With the third child, all are declared ineligible for entrance into the quality schools. After one child, patriotic fathers volunteer for vasectomy.

In the countryside, the government is reduced to persuasion, propaganda, occasionally coercion. The new "responsibility system," with each peasant gardening his little plot on his own, makes children useful again; they grow up to weed, plant, harvest; above all, to take care of their parents in old age. Peasants who now begin to prosper do not want just one baby; if the first baby is a girl, the matter is very serious indeed—girls go off and get married. Thus, a situation that the Chinese themselves find appalling and the government denounces—the killing of infant girls.

The government hopes education can slow population growth; party units meet with a family expecting a second child and "persuade" the family to end the pregnancy. But some will not be persuaded. In some villages the party requires every woman of childbearing age to appear every two months for a rabbit test. Some women run away from home until it is too late for an abortion.

Logic lies on the side of the government; the numbers permit no appeal. But love, a formidable counterforce, lies on the side of babies. Even now, China cannot feed its newly swollen cities; 15 million tons of imported grain were needed last year.

There is no internal solution for China except population control. And no external solution except an industrialization effort that could flood the world's markets. The axis of this second thrust is simple: to employ enough of China's surplus population at low enough wages to export Chinese manufactures to earn back from the rest of the world—above all, from America—the food, the timber, the cotton, the edible oils, the meat to keep the people above the starvation line.

China's population is thus not only China's problem but the world's. And so one moves inescapably to China's world view and its sour relations with the U.S.

Peking cyclists with modern housing, still a scarcity, in the background

> "THE CRUNCH OF PEOPLE CRUSHES CITY AND COUNTRY ALIKE. IN THE CITIES, HOUSING OBSESSES TALK"

THREE TROUBLESOME Ts

The American embassy in Peking sums up the Chinese-American confrontation as the three Ts: Taiwan, Technology, Trade. In each of the three there is a different family of interlocking problems; but it is only over the issue of Taiwan that they could lead to gunpoint confrontation.

Taiwan involves pride, the nation's sense of itself. And in China, after a century and a half of foreign humiliations, pride has ulcerated. Chinese are taught a modern history that runs from humiliation to humiliation, an abused pride that exploded in the Japanese war of 1937-45. For the old soldiers who lead the government only one thing is lacking to fulfill their young dream of liberating all China—the liberation of Taiwan, and over Taiwan, Chinese passion boils.

I went to call on one of the old soldiers I had met in Yanan days—Peng Zhen, who after my visit was elected Chairman of the National People's Congress. Burly, bald, still vigorous at 81, he was abused during the Cultural Revolution, confined under house arrest, rusticated. Now, restored to honor, he is a member of the Politburo again, just a notch below the six-man Standing Committee. In the Great Hall of the People, after he gave me a smiling welcome back, he burst out almost with a roar in an opening statement: "This U.S. Administration says it wants China and the U.S. to be friends, but, as a matter of fact, we are hostile to each other; it says China and Taiwan are both part of the sole legitimate government of China, but they treat us like equal states. How would you feel if we supported California against you? Reagan says Taiwan is an old friend. Does he mean that we are an old enemy? He

Construction goes on at huge Gezhou Dam below the gorges of the Yangtze

"ALL IN 48 HOURS: PEASANT GIRLS WHO MAKE CIRCUIT BOARDS; YOUNG WOMEN TREATED AS BEASTS; THEN THE PRIDE OF CHINESE TECHNOLOGY"

thinks Taiwan is an unsinkable aircraft carrier, but we are 100 times as large. If it comes to war, which aircraft carrier will sink first?"

Perhaps because he thought he could speak frankly to an old friend, he was lecturing me. He had just been lectured by a congressional delegation headed by Tip O'Neill and was resentful.

"For a century and a half all the foreign powers except the U.S. invaded China," he thundered. "But now you alone are carrying the burden of hate of our people for that century and a half. We want to negotiate a peaceful reunion with Taiwan but, whatever we do, you encourage Taiwan to say no. We offer to let Taiwan keep its own troops, maintain its own social and cultural contacts abroad, make economic arrangements with other countries, but still you encourage them to say no. If Taiwan does not settle with us peacefully, we will settle the problem in any way we think necessary."

Next he turned to the second T, technology. "I want to emphasize this point: even if you won't help us, it will be impossible to obstruct the flow of technology to China." Peng was working himself into a healthy anger for, on technology, the muddle of U.S. policy baffles Americans as much as the Chinese. The U.S. lets India buy sophisticated computers because India is considered a "friendly" state, although its air force is largely equipped with Soviet MiGs and advised by Soviet technicians. China is denied such shipments because it falls under the official category of "Communist state." The classification of Indira Gandhi's India as friendly and China as hostile defies realism.

Later, his eruption subsiding, he let me push him to the Cultural Revolution. He was as indignant about those Chinese crimes as he was about America—furious at the treachery of Lin Biao, the bitcheries of Jiang Qing, above all at the erasure of law in China. He was the author of the new constitution, and that was what it was all about: law, to govern both party and state.

It is on the third T—trade—that U.S. and Chinese futures may most sharply divide. The bureaucrats who direct Chinese foreign trade are the stiffest, most intractable, toughest bargainers in the Orient. Since the resumption of normal relations, Chinese-American trade has boomed to $5 billion, but the Ministry's spokesman fixes on another figure. Of all U.S. imports, only 0.65%* comes from China, and America has run a surplus in trade exchange. I point out that in world trade, surpluses do not balance country by country; we have had a slight surplus with China, a monstrous deficit with Japan. Answer: you import only 0.65% from China. One points out that the National Academy of Engineering has concluded that of America's 2 million textile and garment workers, 1.2 million may be put out of work in the next decade by imports. Answer: you import only 0.65% from China. It is futile to explain that American industry cannot survive in a world where the U.S. remains the only free market. The fate of American workers does not concern him.

Behind his obdurate and inflexible answers lies a reality one cannot dodge: that the Chinese may have finally straightened out their economy. If so, the Japanese challenge to American jobs will be seen as only an opening flare of warning.

JOURNEY THROUGH PARADOX

A journey through China today is a journey through paradox. But no one can understand the paradoxes unless one keeps in mind the history behind them. The men who dominate China were, long ago, students and idealists. They became cruel as they fought and, as they governed, the logic of Communism drove them to further cruelty—until they learned that absolute cruelty has its limits in absolute madness. What they are doing now is trying to untangle their old dreams from the madness those dreams begot.

The epicenter of the paradox lies in the everlasting clash of constraint (unlimited government control) with freedom (unlimited license to people). China's leadership knows that China cannot go forward without huge grants of initiative to its people. But the clash begins at the very bottom, in the *danwei*, the lowest-level building block of the party's control, which denies every grace of liberty to its members.

You cannot understand China without understanding the *danwei*.

Everyone in China must belong to a factory, neighborhood, peasant or office *danwei*. The *danwei* controls your life. You introduce yourself on the telephone by identifying the *danwei* to which you belong. The neighborhood *danwei* assigns you to a job; then you belong to the factory *danwei*, which decides when you can have a baby and how large an apartment you live in. It can also transfer you to a *danwei* in a distant province and your wife to another. And so, up the line, to absolute control.

Since such absolute control did not work, the new leadership is trying to transfer more authority to the provinces, more autonomy to the cities, more responsibility to the peasant villages. But, as reins are let loose, other problems sprint. How does one settle the impending dispute between the provinces of Sichuan and Hubei over how they will share the electric power from the huge dams planned in the throat of the Yangtze gorges? Or deal with the growing resistance of newly autonomous provinces to the army's network of farms, arsenals, production plants? What does the new peasant "responsibility" imply with its grant of freedom to let peasants grow their own crops? If too much enterprise develops in the countryside, can it be denied to city dwellers? Can city youths be denied the right to open shops, restaurants, trading booths?

The contradictions and paradoxes bewilder anyone who tries to chart China's future. Chinese have

*American figures show that goods of Chinese origin totaled 0.9% of all U.S. imports. The Chinese do not include in their figures goods transshipped through Hong Kong for reexport to the U.S.

synthesized insulin, flung satellites into space, made nuclear bombs—yet do not supply their villages with adequate common matches. Baoshan, the huge new steel complex near Shanghai, is a state-of-the-art operation. But steel production requires heavy cargo of both coking coal and ore, and the river creek on which the Baoshan plant was built could not take heavy-laden ships. So iron ore must be shipped to the Philippines and then transshipped in small boats to Baoshan.

The paradoxes can be traced in a single two-day trip down the Yangtze from Chongqing to Wuhan. In Chongqing I visit an electronics plant that makes oscilloscopes and instruments for testing TV equipment. Dust-free and climate-controlled, the plant requires visitors to don clean slippers before entering. Inside are young women of 20 to 25 making circuit panels. They are only three or four years out of the paddy fields, but their product is superior.

Down the Yangtze from Chongqing I see stone hackers carving building blocks out of the riverbed reefs—labor so uselessly expended when concrete is available that it can only be economical if recognized as forced labor. Farther down the river, at Wanxian, a young woman stevedore, of the same age as the oscilloscope workers, bends and stoops; all her muscles quiver as she heaves and finally lifts two huge buckets of pig livers for the third-class passengers. She staggers, makes it, totters up the gangplank. She is followed by other young women, beasts of burden, staggering under the bales, the cartons, the loadings of the vessel. I am pleased to watch them revolt, screaming, shaking fists at the forewoman who commands them. But next morning I am passing through the stark wonder of the gorges themselves and come to Gezhou Ba, the great dam that is the first to harness the Yangtze since nature began melting the snows of the Tibetan highlands to carve a passage to the ocean. All of Gezhou Dam, its machinery, its turbines, locks and spillways, transformers, are of Chinese design and manufacture: advanced technology in any country.

So, all in 48 hours: peasant girls trained to make sophisticated oscilloscopes and circuit boards; forced labor cutting hard rock with mallet and chisel; then young women, treated as beasts; then the pride of Chinese technology.

The journey raises more questions than answers, and the questions plague the Chinese themselves. Why are some young women working in dust-free plants while others slave at muscle work? Who shall be privileged to join at the cutting edge of new enterprise, who left behind? How much relief from suffering can the Zhongyang give its people now, without stealing time and resources from the China of tomorrow?

THE LAST STRUGGLE

When I came to China more than 40 years ago, I came believing it was a land whose pride had been erased. But, watching the Chinese fight Japan, I learned that pride, personal and national, still smoldered. Mao brought it to flame. I watched him change their thinking to that of eternal "struggle"—better to die than to submit.

The Chinese are still Mao's "struggle" people. They have "struggled" against the Japanese and hate them yet. They have "struggled" against Soviet ideas and repudiated them. They have "struggled" against the barbarities of their own government and leaders, and erased many. Today their struggle is against the realities of their own immense dimensions, the crushing limits of their backwardness. Yet some may find it easier to struggle against an outer enemy to restore national pride. And Americans must recognize that pride as they try to avoid the traps that pride may set. America and China are locked in a narrow, dangerous passage of history. The transition regime in Peking is trying to recapture control of events. But in its own way, by trying to re-establish some system of law rather than seek a liberty that China has never known. To impose American standards on their internal struggle is irrelevant.

LIU—CONTACT

Passers-by eye Mao portrait taken down from facade of Peking's Great Hall of the People

So one returns from China, as one first arrived there long ago, hopeful yet fearful. Memory recalls most sharply not the old China of 1939 but the first night of this 1983 visit.

That first night, when Wang Bingnan offered me his banquet of return, another old friend joined us on Fragrant Hill—Qiao Guanhua. Qiao and I had been friends in our youth, when he was a fiery left-wing journalist. Later, as Foreign Minister of China, he and Henry Kissinger worked out the landmark "Shanghai Communiqué" of 1972, in which America recognized that Taiwan was part of China, but insisted on a "peaceful" solution. Qiao Guanhua had gone on with Mao to the end; he was released from house arrest by the new regime only last year; his wife, suspect because she had been close to Jiang Qing, had been under house arrest with him.

This night Qiao Guanhua would not let himself be cornered on his stewardship of Chinese foreign policy under Mao; nor on his arrest after Mao's death; nor on the Cultural Revolution. I pressed him on what had gone wrong in China since our youth and his triumphant career; he dodged. When I finally pressed, deeply and hard, on the transition, he elegantly replied, "You must remember what Hegel said, that a man reaches an understanding of the history of his own time step by step—only step by step."

Qiao Guanhua was ill when I met him, a scarf wrapped around his throat. He was in the hospital when I left. I do not think I will ever see him again. But I remember his words, "step by step." Which is the way that both we and the Chinese must go through this passage of history. No "ultimate solutions" are possible, either for the Chinese or ourselves; but "step by step" we may get there. ■

"HOW MANY OLD HATREDS, OLD SCORES SPUTTER IN OPPOSITION TO THE NEW COURSE?"

Surging Up from the Depths

TIME's *economists see strong growth but warn of lurking deficits*

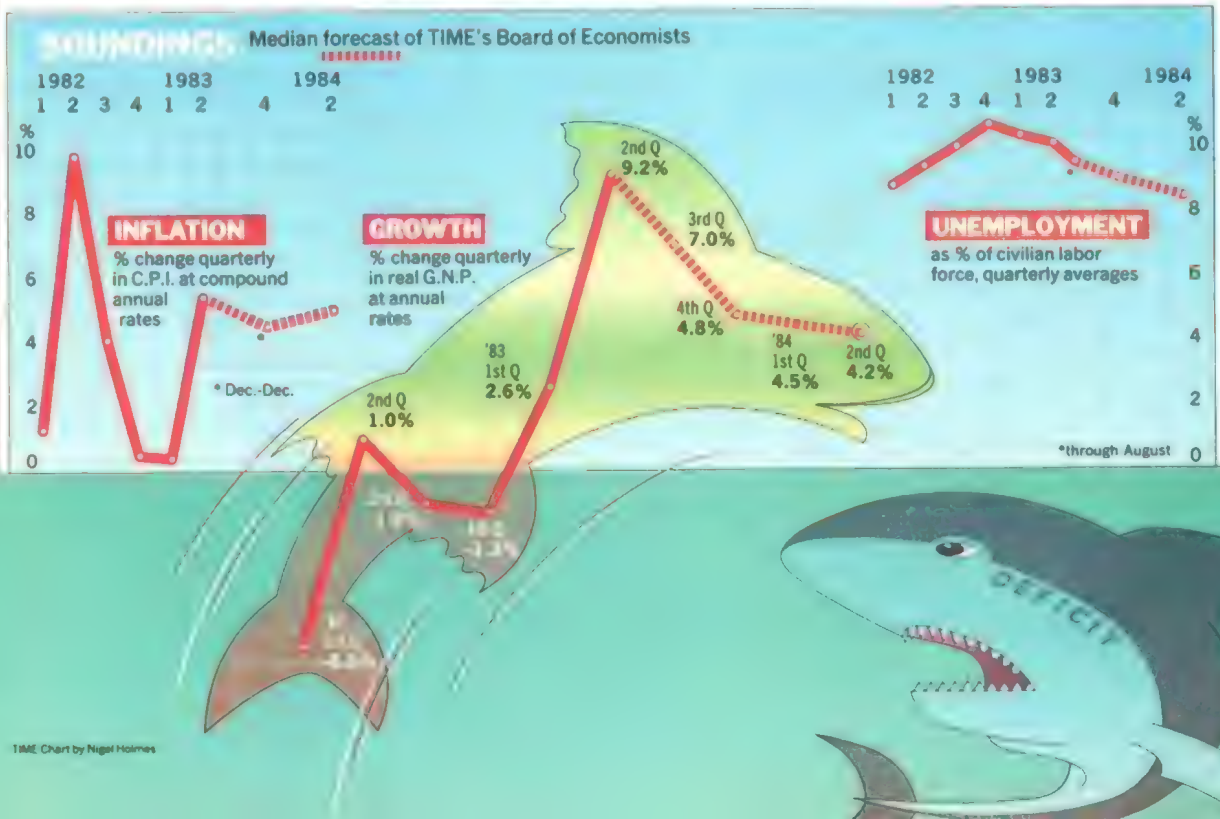
The economic recovery, which took off with a stunning leap in the spring and summer, has enough momentum to keep it going at least through 1984. Growth will slow a bit but stay strong, and inflation will remain moderate. The unemployment rate will gradually fall. That was the favorable forecast of TIME's Board of Economists, which met last week in New York City. Said Otto Eckstein, chairman of Data Resources, a Lexington, Mass., economics consulting firm: "Once the economy starts going up, the forces of recovery are so automatic that forecasters can sleep nights. It is about the only time in the business cycle when they can."

The TIME board, though, feared the economy's vigor could lull Congress and the White House into ignoring a critical problem that will eventually threaten the recovery: the burgeoning federal budget deficit, which this year is expected to reach a record $209 billion. Created by a combination of large tax cuts and heavy Government spending, the deficit has given a powerful boost to consumers and helped lift the economy out of recession. At the same time, however, federal borrowing has kept interest rates unusually high, weakened business investment and driven the value of the dollar to a level that has undermined the competitiveness of U.S. exports. While the economy seems much healthier in the short run, the budget gap may be causing long-term damage that will be difficult to undo. Observed Charles Schultze, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution in Washington: "We could have a recovery for some period of time fueled by consumption and Government spending but with sluggish investment and exports. That is a miserable kind of recovery."

That concern was shared by Martin Feldstein, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers and a guest at last week's meeting. Said he: "This recovery is very different from past upturns. The fact that more and more people are assuming that the Government will borrow $200 billion or more annually for the next three or four years is bound to keep interest rates and the dollar's exchange rate high. While the economy will most likely continue to grow through the next couple of years, the deficit is undoubtedly increasing the risk that the recovery will run out of steam." He warned that another slump might come as early as 1985.

For the next year or so, however, the recovery looks solid. TIME's economists predicted that growth in the gross national product, after adjustment for inflation, would slow from its torrid 9.2% annual rate of the second quarter but still glide along at a healthy 4.4% pace in 1984. The unemployment rate is expected to drift downward from its current 9.5% level to 8.2% by the end of next year.

The Federal Reserve Board moved during the early summer to moderate the recovery because higher inflation remains a danger if the economy grows too fast. Concerned about rapid expansion of the money supply, the Reserve Board nudged interest rates up a notch. The benchmark prime rate that banks charge top corporate customers rose from 10.5% to 11%. Some members of the TIME board felt that the economy would have cooled off to a sustainable growth rate without the Fed's intervention. Said University of Minnesota Professor Walter Heller: "The Reserve



Board tightened unnecessarily. It didn't make any sense."

The Fed's action may have been partly responsible for a 1.4% drop in retail sales in August, which was reported last week. Another indication of the slowing recovery was August's .9% growth in industrial production, the lowest increase since last February.

Nonetheless, Americans are spending at a fast enough pace to keep the recovery going. U.S.-built cars are still selling 20% faster than they were a year ago, and other signs point to a continuation of strong consumer demand. The Reserve Board reported last week that installment debt increased a record $4.84 billion in July. Said Eckstein: "There's not much in the mill to suggest that consumer confidence is going to take a dive."

Meanwhile, the outlook on inflation continues to be good. TIME's board predicted that prices would rise 4.5% this year and 5.2% in 1984, far less than the 12.4% jump in 1980. Companies should be able to hold the line on prices because wage demands have slowed while worker productivity has begun to increase after stagnating during the recession. Another reason for optimism about inflation is the stability of oil prices. Said Heller: "There is no third oil shock anywhere in sight." James McKie, an economics professor at the University of Texas, agreed but added a caveat: "There was no second oil shock in sight before 1978 and no first oil shock in sight prior to 1973. The history of energy prices is a history of surprises."

Some inflationary pressure, though, could begin coming from food prices. The worst drought since the 1930s has devastated many crops, while at the same time the Government's Payment-in-Kind program has encouraged farmers to leave some fields idle. The Agriculture Department said last week that this year's corn crop would be 48% smaller than last year's. The price of corn has already gone up about 60% since January, a surge that will eventually boost the cost of meat from corn-fed livestock. Schultze said that food prices would rise more than 5% next year, adding .5% to what the inflation rate would otherwise be.

Despite the relatively bright outlook for prices, interest rates will continue to be a drag on the recovery. Eckstein pointed out that the real, or inflation-adjusted, cost of borrowing money is four to five percentage points higher than the traditional level. One reason: investors and financial institutions are demanding more interest for their money because they fear that Government deficits will eventually force the Federal Reserve to expand the money supply enough to rekindle inflation. The Fed must chart a narrow course between providing too much money, which would fan inflation fears, and being too stingy, which might stall the recovery. As a result, TIME's economists predicted, the prime rate will hover around its current 11% level through 1984. Said Alan Greenspan, an economic consultant in New York City and sometime adviser to President Reagan: "Interest rates are now essentially trendless."

"The forces of recovery are so automatic that forecasters can sleep nights"

Real rates have stayed higher in the U.S. than in many other industrial nations. Partly for that reason, legions of foreigners have been converting their money into dollars for investment in the U.S. In the process, they helped push the value of the dollar to new peaks on international exchange markets. Since 1980 it has surged 55% against the West German mark and 102% against the French franc. The rapid rise has made many American exports prohibitively expensive on world markets. As a result, Feldstein said, the U.S. merchandise trade deficit is likely to hit a record $60 billion to $70 billion this year, and may pass the $100 billion mark in 1984.

Such a large trade gap will put pressure on the dollar. Some forecasters have predicted a sudden collapse in its value, but TIME's board believes that any decline is likely to be gradual, perhaps 4% to 5% over the next year. "The dollar is not headed for a free fall," said Heller, "but soon it should be gentling downward."

A substantial drop in interest rates and the dollar's exchange rate will not come, Feldstein said, unless Congress moves to pare the federal deficit. TIME's economists agreed, however, that with an election year coming up, few politicians would be willing to lead a drive to slash spending or raise taxes. Predictably, the House voted last week to authorize an additional $1.6 billion for ten education and health programs in an effort to reverse some spending cuts made early in the Reagan Administration. House Speaker Tip O'Neill declared that any tax-hike initiative would have to come from the President or the Republican Party.

Feldstein argued at the TIME meeting that the White House had already laid out a plan to deal with the deficit in its January budget message and wanted to work with Congress. In addition to spending reductions, the President's proposal called for immediate enactment of contingency taxes that would start in fiscal 1986 and reduce that year's projected deficit by $46 billion. Feldstein said that if legislation were quickly passed ensuring that future deficits would come down, the financial markets would be reassured and interest rates would fall.

"The deficit is undoubtedly increasing the risk that the recovery will run out of steam"

But Congress has so far refused to enact a tax increase that will not take effect for three years, while the President has ruled out a quicker hike. Moreover, many lawmakers want less defense spending, and more for social programs, than the White House proposed. The result: a budget gridlock. Observed Alice Rivlin, who left her post as director of the Congressional Budget Office last month and is now the head of economic studies for the Brookings Institution: "Congress believes the White House is not serious about raising taxes." Added Heller: "Congress cannot move until the President does, but he's got an Out to Lunch sign on his door until after the election."

The consequences of doing nothing about the deficit are ominous. Government borrowing will clash with the capital needs of private industry to keep interest rates high. The outcome may not be another recession but a continuation of what Feldstein called "the lopsided recovery," an expansion driven by consumption and Government spending that has an uneven impact on the economy and produces profound structural changes.

Basic manufacturing industries such as steel, machine tools and construction equipment, which depend on high levels of investment, will keep on suffering. "The really critical issue," said Greenspan, "is the decline in the capital-goods markets." The ratio of capital spending to consumption has dropped about 10% since 1979, and TIME's economists feared that the investment rate may not return to prerecession levels. In that case, the U.S. would increasingly be living off its capital stock rather than adding to it.

As U.S. manufacturers continued to lose their competitive edge over foreign firms, the country would import more and more, while exporting less. Asked Eckstein: "What would the U.S. economy look like in ten years? We could have very successful financial and service sectors, bustling French restaurants, booming Manhattan real estate, but an industrial Midwest that would lag far behind, as the South did before World War II."

Such an imbalanced recovery may be worse than a new recession because the damage will be corrosive rather than acute. "Things may not get bad enough," said Schultze, "to force us to make them better." The vitality in some parts of the economy may overshadow the sickness in others. Warned Eckstein: "We could sail through the 1980s—and gradually wreck our economy." Thus while everything on the surface looks fine, a danger lurks in the deep. *—By Charles P. Alexander*

Now No. 2, Apple Tries Harder

A new boss cuts prices, trims management and plans more models

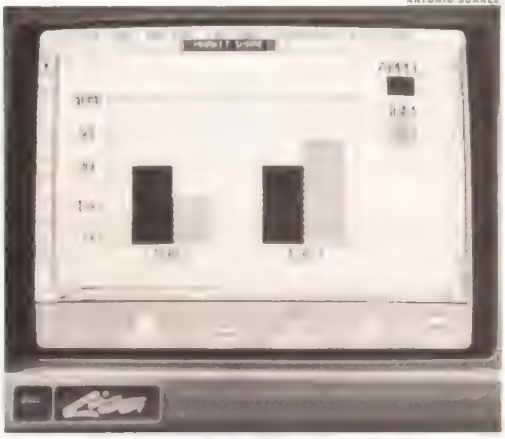
Over four days last week, 1,500 computer dealers in 25 U.S. cities listened to pep talks from John Sculley, president of Apple Computer. He showed them new television commercials, answered questions and announced that this week the Lisa computer, which sells for $9,995, will have a new stripped-down price of $6,995. The price cut for the Lisa, introduced last January with much fanfare, marks another skirmish in the war between Apple (estimated 1983 sales: $1 billion) and IBM (estimated 1983 sales: $40 billion) for the personal-computer market.

In the past year, the position of the two combatants has dramatically reversed. Last December Apple held a 21% share of the market for computers costing $1,000 to $5,000, while IBM had just 12%, according to Dataquest, a California research firm. Today Apple remains at 21%, but IBM has 28%.

While IBM has a buttoned-down management style that has been fine-tuned for nearly 60 years, Apple, which is just 6½ years old, is undergoing rapid change. The company is being transformed from an upstart entrepreneurial firm to one that marches to the beat of professional managers. The changes are coming at a time when the high-flying personal-computer industry is suffering its first major bankruptcies *(see box)*.

Directing the developments at Apple is Sculley, 44, who in April was lured away from a job as president of Pepsi-Cola with an offer of $2 million for his first year at work. Sculley has been arriving at Apple headquarters in Cupertino, Calif., as early as 7:30 some mornings and setting a pace that many of the young executives have had trouble maintaining. Though he occasionally discards his preppie suits for open-necked shirts and rumpled slacks, he has been trying to instill discipline and induce a streak of humility in an organization where confidence bordered on arrogance.

ANTONIO SUAREZ



Lisa charts IBM's gains in the $1,000-to-$5,000 market

Part of Sculley's task has been a realignment of Apple's top management. Since he took over, three vice presidents have been asked to leave and one has been replaced by a senior marketing man from Eastman Kodak. Earlier this month, Sculley requested the resignations of 30 staffers. Says one Apple programmer: "They've been telling people they have two choices. They've got five days to resign, or they're going to be put in a job for which they're unqualified, unsuited and ill-equipped—and then fired."

Cutting prices and shrinking the staff are not Sculley's only tactics. He is also planning new products. On Jan. 18, Apple will introduce a computer code-named the MacIntosh. Developed by a group headed by Company Co-Founder Steven Jobs, the MacIntosh is based on the technology developed for the Lisa but will sell for only $2,500. Experts estimate that Apple will sell 350,000 MacIntoshes next year, in contrast with 46,000 Lisas. Says Analyst Michelle Preston of Wall Street's L.F. Rothschild, Unterberg, Towbin: "Mac is the future of Apple."

The company is also working on a simple, low-cost version of its best-selling Apple IIe. The Apple IIe would compete directly with the cheaper model of the IBM PC, which may be introduced next month.

Insiders who have seen the new machine say the MacIntosh is an in-

A Pioneer Goes Bankrupt

Adam Osborne called himself the Henry Ford of personal computers and predicted his company would have sales of $1 billion by 1984. For a time those boasts seemed correct. He developed the first successful portable computer, the Osborne 1, packaged it with three popular programs, and sold the machine for an unusually low $1,795. Last year Osborne Computer rang up sales of about $70 million. But the firm could not maintain its success. In the past week it filed for protection under Chapter 11 of the Bankruptcy Code. While Osborne had virtually no income, it owed suppliers $45 million.

Osborne's problems began surfacing early this year. Anticipation of a new model called the Executive killed demand for the Osborne 1. When the new model could not be delivered on time, dealers canceled orders. Then development of an IBM-compatible version of the Executive was also delayed. Adding to Osborne's problems, a dozen companies are now turning out portable models that are more advanced than his pioneering machine. Sales slumped from about 10,000 in February to around 100 in April. Plans for a public stock offering were abandoned. Attempts to find new investors or someone to buy the company failed. Earlier this month, all manufacturing was halted, and 400 workers were laid off.

Osborne, of course, is not the only personal-computer maker having troubles. Victor Technologies of Scotts Valley, Calif., last week laid off 350 workers and announced it expects to lose money in the third quarter. Coleco, based in West Hartford, Conn., once again delayed delivery of the Adam, its new $600-to-$700 computer system, raising questions as to whether the product would be shipped in time for the Christmas selling season.

Osborne Computer, though, had some unique problems. Insiders explain that its founder, while savvy and brash, was undisciplined. Says one: "Adam was always supremely confident. For him to desire something was quite enough, and the fact that it didn't exist didn't matter." Critics say his impulsive demands were enough to propel the company for the first year, but he lacked the management experience to run a larger company in a highly competitive field.

In January, Robert Jaunich II was brought in from Consolidated Foods, where he was president, to become chief executive officer. He found it difficult to adjust to the industry's fast pace and gained a reputation in the company for being aloof and ineffective. The firm's lack of basic financial controls or enough experienced managers finally proved fatal. Early this month Osborne himself resigned, and by last week only 80 employees remained on the payroll. Osborne left behind his name on the door and a reputation for quirky brilliance frozen at a moment in time.

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novative computer that should succeed. Nonetheless, it has several major flaws. The machine, for example, does not have enough storage capacity to perform complex tasks like the Lisa. In addition, it will not at first be able to run the same programs as either the Lisa or an IBM PC, which has become the industry standard. That will be a big drawback for corporate customers who want to move information between different machines.

While the Lisa has been called a technological marvel, only 6,000 have been sold, fewer than expected. The main reason is that Apple has been unable to break into the corporate market. At a price of nearly $10,000, the machine was clearly aimed at the professional user. But IBM, with its huge sales force, is particularly strong in that market, and Apple's 100 salespersons were no match. Even after this week's cut, the Lisa may still be too expensive for large corporate customers. Explains Kurt Schweer, a vice president of Crocker National Bank: "At $5,000 apiece, we'd get interested. We're still unconvinced that Lisa's features are worth the cost."

Sculley, though, is trying to make the Lisa more attractive to business buyers. Next year it will be able to run programs designed for the IBM PC. Such a move would have been anathema a year ago and is tacit admission that Apple is learning to live in an IBM-dominated world.

So far, Sculley is getting good reviews from the Apple dealers he has been trying to impress. They say he has boosted morale and given the company some badly needed direction. Said Mark Aschauer, president of Mountain View Mission Computer in California: "Before Sculley arrived, Apple never listened to its dealers. The managers used to have egos running in front of themselves."

Perhaps Sculley's most crucial long-term test will be his ability to work with Jobs, 28, the charismatic but sometimes mercurial chairman. Though the two have been conducting a public love feast, the going may get rough. Said one skeptic: "Everybody is a golden boy with Steve for six months." The chairman and the president have already differed over the management of some new projects.

Wall Street is nervously watching Apple going through these growing problems, and the company's stock, with a high of $63.25 per share in June, slumped last week to close at $29.38. Nonetheless, industry watchers believe the company will continue to succeed. The Apple IIe, which costs about $1,500 less than an IBM PC, is selling briskly. Hambrecht & Quist, the San Francisco venture capital and underwriting firm, estimates Apple's sales will increase 50% next year, to $1.5 billion, and profits will climb 45%, to $145 million. But those predictions are based on success for the MacIntosh and better sales for the Lisa. Apple clearly has a difficult task ahead as it tries to continue its saga as the fastest-growing company in American history. ***—By Alexander L. Taylor III. Reported by Michael Moritz/San Francisco***

Free at Last

Chrysler's federal period ends

Applause was heard all around last August when a revived Chrysler paid back the last of its $1.2 billion in Government-backed loans seven years ahead of schedule. But one bothersome problem still remained. That was the matter of the Government's right to buy 14.4 million shares of Chrysler stock, which had been given in 1980 as a sweetener for the loan guarantees. Last week Chrysler bid $311 million to buy back the stock rights and snipped even that strand. Thus, with the exception of $215 million owed to various states, Chrysler has once again become a company financed entirely by private investors.

Chairman Iacocca on a Washington trip
If the bid is wrong, "don't come home."

The so-called warrants entitled the Government to buy 14.4 million shares of Chrysler at $13 per share. No one took them too seriously in 1980, because Chrysler stock was then selling for only about $5.50. But as the company's fortunes improved and the stock began rising toward $30 a share, the warrants looked more and more handsome. Should the Government ever exercise them and actually buy Chrysler stock at less than half the current price, the Treasury stood to earn millions of dollars.

But such a move would have hurt Chrysler. The company would have been forced to issue 14.4 million more shares of stock to cover the warrants. That would have diluted the value of current stock, undercutting the worth of shares held by Chrysler stockholders and making it harder for the company to raise money for future needs.

Chrysler's first attempt to deal with the warrants was clumsy. It asked the Government in May simply to give them back. Washington refused. In July, Chrysler tried a new tack. It offered about $218 million for them, but again was rebuffed by Treasury officials who felt they were worth more. Finally the Government decided to put the warrants up for bidding on the open market.

Chrysler then began playing a subtle cat-and-mouse game. Publicly, the automaker feigned a lack of interest, saying it might not even make a bid. But behind the scenes, the company was working with Investment Banker David Schulte, a Salomon Bros. vice president, on a deal. Schulte helped craft a bid by using a formula that subtracts the price of the warrants ($13) from the stock's actual price on the day of the bidding ($29.50). Using that amount ($16.50) as the base price, Schulte had to figure out how much of a premium Chrysler would have to pay to be sure to get the warrants.

In July Shearson/American Express offered about $3.60 higher than the base price, so Schulte knew he would have to go above that. Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca last week sent Robert S. Miller, executive vice president of finance, to New York City with a Spartan dictum. Said Miller: "He told me that if the bid was a penny too low or more than a dollar too high not to come home."

When the stock market closed last Monday at 4 p.m., a group of Salomon and Chrysler executives was already meeting in the Salomon offices on the 41st floor of 1 New York Plaza in Manhattan. Salomon advised Chrysler to set the premium at $5 and to add 10.2¢ as a "tail" to make sure there was no tie, making the total bid $21.602 per share. Then at 4:20, just ten minutes ahead of a deadline set by the Treasury, a Salomon agent dropped the bid into a slot in the northwest conference room on the tenth floor at the New York Federal Reserve Bank building on Liberty St. The Chrysler bid was the highest, and by the margain Iacocca had demanded. It was just 93.4¢ per share more than the second highest bid of $20.668, which was made by a group headed by Goldman, Sachs.

The $311 million payment for the warrants was only one of several to come out of Chrysler's smoking checkbook these days. During the past two weeks, the company promised to pay $117 million in back dividends on preferred stock, scheduled a $250 million payment to its pension fund and reached a $1 billion wage deal with the United Auto Workers. That settlement returns to Chrysler workers the bulk of the paybacks the union employees had given to keep the company afloat.

Now that the Government has been totally paid off for the Chrysler loan guarantees, Iacocca calculates that Washington earned $800 million in interest and fees on the deal. That works out to the equivalent of a 24% annual interest rate. Said Iacocca wryly: "I guess we can take some pride in having made a solid contribution to reducing the federal deficit." ■

As first captain, ranking cadet commander

As West Point football captain, fall 1958

As a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, 1959

Economy & Business

Fresh Playing Fields

In a mid-career reverse, a general goes to Wall Street

Wall Street has snared its share of bristling talent but rarely a catch like the new general partner that Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb Inc. announced last week: Brigadier General Pete Dawkins, 45, U.S. Army (ret.). As head of Lehman Brothers' public finance group, the former All-America halfback will work with states and municipalities in raising money, a position that will allow him to make friends and influence people around the country. His salary and bonuses will easily exceed $100,000 a year. Dawkins has never worked on Wall Street, but Lehman Brothers bought a name and a remarkable track record.

To college students of the 1950s, West Point's Peter Miller Dawkins headed the *Who's Who* of his era. He was, in drumfire order, first captain of the corps of cadets, president of his class of 1959, captain of the football team, Heisman Trophy winner and a "star man," ranking in the top 5% of his class academically. No other West Pointer has mustered all those honors, before or since. After Dawkins married Judith Wright in 1961, he studied philosophy, politics and economics as a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, where he excelled at Britain's own game, rugby. Then he enrolled at Princeton's Woodrow Wilson School: in 1969 he earned a master's degree and he then returned to Princeton for a doctorate in public affairs in 1979.

Outside the classroom, his military career marched smartly ahead. He rose rapidly in the Army, winning combat decorations in Viet Nam and later helping the Pentagon set up the Volunteer Army. At 43, he became the youngest brigadier general on active duty at the time, strengthening a long-held presumption among peers and superiors that Dawkins would one day inevitably be Army Chief of Staff.

Dawkins' personal style is less brassy bluster than civilian silk. At Washington dinners and cocktail parties, he adroitly works a crowd and makes friends readily. Says retired Colonel Junius J. Bleiman, now an assistant dean at the Woodrow Wilson School and one of Dawkins' instructors during his days at West Point: "He is easy to get along with. There is really no pomp to Peter."

At retirement in July

But there is the capacity for the hard, calculating decision: in July, after a 24-year career, Dawkins resigned from the Army, wife Judi in attendance at the farewell ceremony at Fort Myer, Va. The move did not surprise his parents, Henry, a dentist now retired, and Frances, who lives in a condominium in Bloomfield Hills, a comfortable Detroit suburb not far from Royal Oak, where Pete grew up. Says Frances: "He said there was an optimum age to make a change, and this was it."

Dawkins' decision appeared to be largely a matter of timing. While recuperating from back surgery last year, Dawkins saw his future parade before him. "With weeks to look at the ceiling," he says, "you take a more reflective view. Even as much as I enjoyed life as a soldier, I realized there were lots of other parts to life." He would have had to retire from the Army, at his pace, after 35 years of service, which would have made him 56—possibly too old, he felt, to embark fresh on a new line of endeavor but too young in his view to drop out of an active working life.

The job of Army Chief of Staff certainly would have had its rewards. "I'm a competitive person," he admits. "I always want to be the best, to go as far as I could go, although I didn't sit around thinking about being Chief of Staff." But would it have been rewarding enough for Dawkins? Says a Pentagon colonel, a close colleague: "When you are already a general in this building, being Chief of Staff is not the most desirable thing you can imagine." Though his Lehman Brothers' salary is at least twice his Army pay, money had little to do with his decision, claims Dawkins' longtime friend Tom Brokaw of NBC. Says he: "The military put a lot of constraints on his personal life because he had to move so often. But the main issue to him has always been public service."

Dawkins insists that "in no way was I disillusioned with the Army." The decision to resign was a "fork in the road," he says, that turned into "a very busy intersection" with many job offers. Investment banking had a special allure, one that Dawkins believes offers an opportunity to develop a variety of expert skills. His friends predict that he will establish the obligatory Wall Street base and then go into politics. He leans to the Republican side, though he maintains close contact with the Kennedy clan. Says Dawkins: "I am very serious about doing something with my life. I'm very interested in public policy. But I'm also interested in business. One thing at a time."

—By John S. DeMott. Reported by Bruce W. Nelan/Washington, with other bureaus

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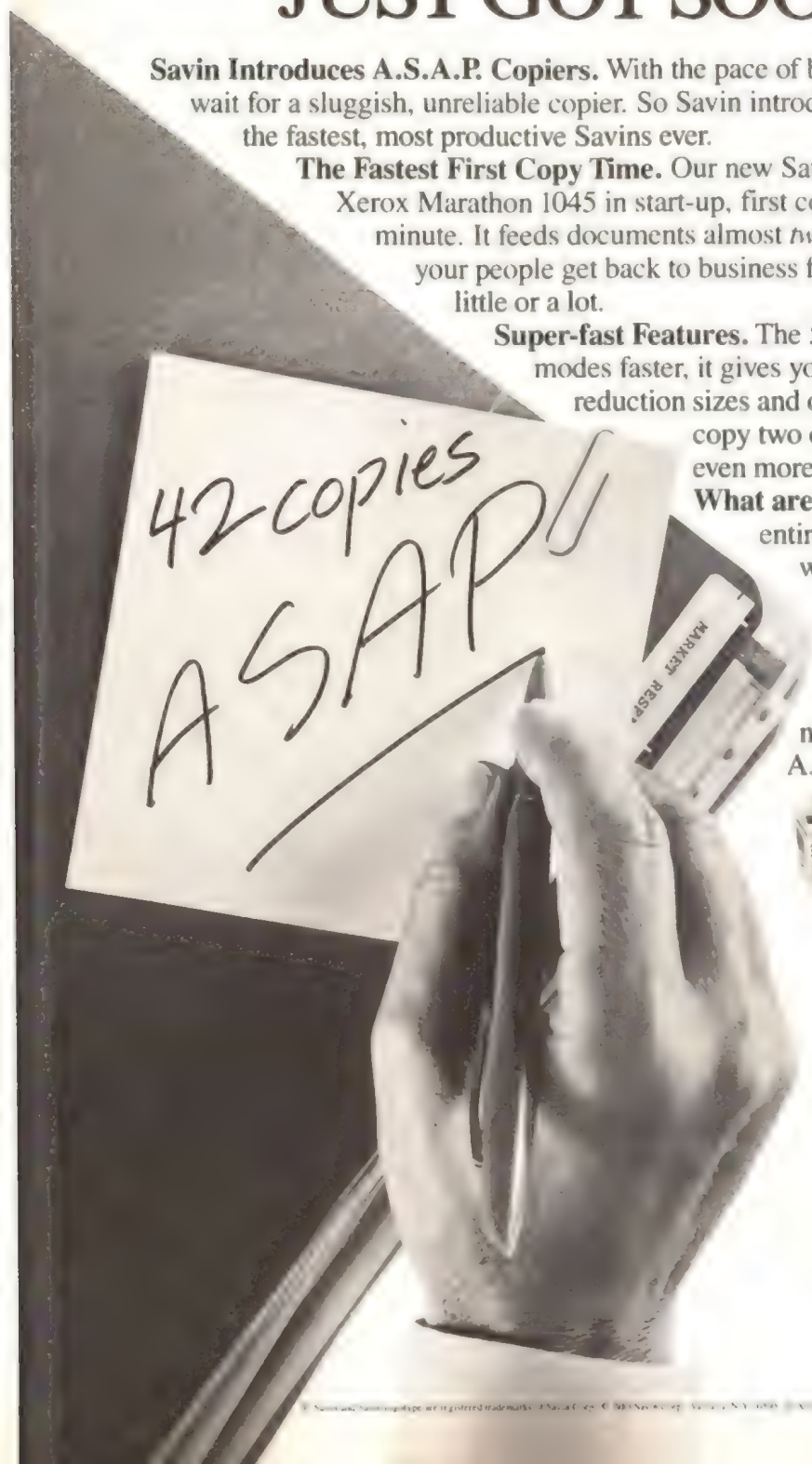

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THE DEPENDABLE DECISION

The Stormy Legacy of Baby Doe

Should the Government try to save severely afflicted infants?

On April 9, 1982, an infant who became known to the world only as Baby Doe was born in Bloomington, Ind. He had an incomplete esophagus and Down's syndrome, which causes moderate to severe mental retardation. Thanks to advances in neonatal medicine, surgeons could ensure Baby Doe's survival by attaching his esophagus to his stomach, but nothing could be done to prevent retardation. His parents were confronted with an agonizing dilemma: to assent to an operation that would save the life of a child who could be hopelessly retarded, or to allow him to die of starvation. Against the wishes of their pediatrician and hospital, they chose the latter. The parents' right to this choice was twice challenged in the courts by the hospital and twice upheld. On April 15, Baby Doe died.

A doctor and nurse treating an infant in a neonatal intensive-care unit in New York City

Resentment by physicians that the Administration was questioning their competency.

His legacy is today one of the most fiercely debated controversies in medicine. At issue: how to protect the rights of severely handicapped infants, and what role the Federal Government should play. Locked in the battle are three factions—doctors, handicapped citizens' groups and right-to-life organizations. Last week, as the Reagan Administration reviewed its stand, it came under concerted attack by the medical profession in the form of two blistering editorials in the prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine*.

The Baby Doe debate was ignited by the President. Outraged by the case, Reagan ordered the Department of Health and Human Services to ensure that handicapped infants would receive proper medical care even if their parents or physicians were willing to let them die. In May 1982, the department informed the nation's 5,800 hospitals that they could lose federal funding if they withheld treatment or nourishment from handicapped infants. This edict was followed by a tougher regulation requiring hospitals to post large signs in public places bearing the inscription "Discriminatory failure to feed or care for handicapped infants in this facility is prohibited by federal law." The posters provided the number of a 24-hour, toll-free hotline for anonymous informers who wanted to report violations to federal investigators.

Doctors and medical organizations were outraged by this unprecedented intrusion of the Federal Government into matters that traditionally have been settled privately between physicians and parents. The new rule implied that doctors and parents could not be trusted to act in the best interest of a handicapped child. No less infuriating to physicians was the rule's assumption that all congenital defects could be handled in the same manner, that any child's life, no matter how tenuous, painful and ill-fated, should be sustained for as long as is technically possible.

The American Academy of Pediatrics, the American Hospital Association and a number of other professional organizations took the HHS to court over the Baby Doe rule and won. District Court Judge Gerhard Gesell last April found the regulation to be "arbitrary" and "ill-considered." Three months later, HHS issued revised regulations, which conceded that there was no need to impose "futile therapies" on terminally ill infants.

The Government argues that the informer system developed by the hotline has been effective. As of last week, there had been 33 accusations that hospitalized infants were not receiving proper care. In eleven cases, the Government dispatched teams composed of doctors and civil rights investigators. The squads found nothing to criticize on eight visits, but were able to help save the lives of three handicapped infants whose doctors seemed to be unaware of new techniques for treating birth defects.

The pediatricians and allied medical groups argue that the best way to help such afflicted babies is by better educating doctors about medical advances, not by sending in federal watchdogs. Hospitals charge that some of the investigative teams disrupted neonatal clinics. Such disturbances led the A.A.P. to protest that "the Government's 'remedy' is potentially harmful to the very infants it seeks to protect."

As an alternative to direct federal interference under the Baby Doe rule, the pediatricians, the A.H.A. and five other medical groups propose that all hospitals be required to create "infant bioethical review committees" to protect the rights of handicapped newborns. These committees, composed of medical experts, laymen, clergy and lawyers, would be consulted in any decision to forgo treatment. The groups would also try to resolve any conflict between parents and doctors over how to proceed. Should parents refuse to approve treatment that would clearly benefit their child, the committee could ask state agencies and courts to appoint a guardian.

Such an approach is unacceptable to groups representing the handicapped and right-to-life organizations. "The problem is how to ensure the rights of the handicapped to treatment, when the parents, doctors and the hospital agree not to provide it," says Gary Curran of the American Life Lobby. Another worry is that a bioethics committee could not act quickly enough. Warns Paul Marchand, of the Association for Retarded Citizens: "If these infants are not treated within days, hours, they will die."

The Department of Health and Human Services has reservations about the proposal to create ethical review committees. "The problem is there wouldn't be any enforcement," says John Svahn, who was recently promoted from HHS Under Secretary to Assistant to the President for Policy Development. The department hopes to come to a final judgment in the next few weeks. If the hotline and what some doctors deride as investigative "goon squads" are not eliminated, the medical organizations have threatened to take the Reagan Administration to court again. ***—By Claudia Wallis. Reported by Anne Constable/Washington and Sheila Gribben/Chicago***

Religion

Choosing the Middle Way

The Jesuits pick a scholarly ascetic as their leader

Votes on the first ballot were still being counted when the 211 electors who had gathered at Jesuit headquarters in Rome began to applaud. By an overwhelming margin, the general congregation of the Society of Jesus last week chose its new superior general: the Rev. Peter-Hans Kolvenbach, 54, a Dutch priest highly respected within the church's largest religious order of men (26,000 members) for his piety, scholarship and skills as a prudent diplomat.

By selecting Kolvenbach as the 28th successor to the society's founder, St. Ignatius of Loyola, the Jesuits may have resolved a point of tension with the Pope: How active should they become in politics? Pope John Paul II has warned all priests against becoming too political, although acknowledging that they have a duty to promote social justice. Father Pedro Arrupe, Kolvenbach's predecessor, encouraged social activity by Jesuits in the U.S. and Latin America. John Paul has also been nettled by Jesuits who question church teachings. When Arrupe, 75, was incapacitated by a stroke in 1981, the Pope suspended the Jesuits' rules by removing Arrupe's choice as interim leader and naming two temporary administrators. After the election, Kolvenbach reportedly told his fellow Jesuits: "I am going to do a lot of listening. I'm not going to make any statements about Latin America or anywhere else until I find out the facts from people who have been there firsthand."

John Paul was the first person outside the congregation to learn of its choice; he was telephoned the news while on a visit to Austria. Although the Pope does not know Kolvenbach, the Vatican had approved his 1981 appointment as rector of Rome's Pontifical Oriental Institute. Kolvenbach became a trusted adviser to Wladyslaw Cardinal Rubin, the Polish prelate who heads the Vatican congregation that supervises the church's Eastern rites.

Kolvenbach has a special interest in these churches. Born in Druten, a small village in east Holland, he went to Lebanon as a missionary in 1958; there he became an expert in Armenian (he is fluent in seven other languages). Kolvenbach later earned a doctorate in Armenian in Paris, spent a year of spiritual study at a Jesuit center in Pomfret, Conn., then returned to Beirut as a professor at St. Joseph's University. He later headed the Jesuits' Middle East province (Lebanon, Syria and Egypt). "Father Kolvenbach is a classic Jesuit," says an official in Rome who knows him well, "studious, reserved yet militant, with that touch of the mysterious that characterizes the order." He is also an ascetic who, colleagues say, sleeps on the floor, clears dishes, carries luggage for guests and often walks six miles to say Mass for a group of nuns.

After his election, Kolvenbach quoted to friends a passage from St. Teresa of Avila: "Let nothing bother you, let nothing dismay you." He did not finish the quotation: "Everything passes . . . Patience gains all . . . God alone is enough." A fitting motto, perhaps, as the Society of Jesus enters a new era. ■

After his election, Kolvenbach, left, is embraced by Arrupe, his ailing predecessor

A Dutch priest with that "touch of the mysterious that characterizes the order."

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Can Anyone Win This Thing?

Four teams stage a daffy scramble in the National League East

Sliding into third base one game last week, Andy Van Slyke of the Cardinals could not see that Jim Morrison of the Pirates had missed the throw from the plate and was only pretending to tag him. Exasperated, Cards Third Base Coach Chuck Hiller tugged Van Slyke to his feet and sent him sprinting down the base line. But the rookie outfielder was waved out before he reached the plate. The reason for the rare judgment call? According to Rule 7.09 (i), a coach cannot "assist" a runner. Given the circumstances, the regulation seemed unnecessarily strict. In this season's tight, tense National League East race, any assistance, even driving a runner home in a Sherman tank, should be allowed.

Cardinal Coach Hiller starts pulling Van Slyke to his feet to send him home

September may be cool for the rest of baseball (American League Leaders Baltimore and Chicago have secure margins; the Dodgers seem safely ahead in the N.L. West), but in the unstable East, four struggling teams have remained within three games of the lead all month. Pittsburgh, Montreal and Philadelphia have exchanged the top slot almost daily, and defending World Series Champion St. Louis has lurched to within half a game of the summit. Anticipating a four-way tie, league officials have already flipped coins to determine the pairings, Pittsburgh at Montreal and St. Louis at Philadelphia.

How to explain who is doing what to whom, and why, in the four-team limpoff is a mystery even to the participants. When questioned, players squint into the middle distance, managers scuff the artificial turf, and fans in Winnie's, a watering hole on Crescent Street in Montreal, stare mournfully into their Molson's beer. Says St. Louis Manager Whitey Herzog: "It's the craziest race I've ever seen."

It is easier to say why none of the teams ought to win—slumping superstars, shallow bullpens and error-prone infields—than to predict which one eventually will do so. "Pitching's going to win it," claims Expos Manager Bill Virdon, intoning a baseball verity. If so, perennial bridesmaid Montreal should have a slight advantage on the mound. Still, Ace Hurler Steve Rogers, the first pitcher in the N.L. to record 17 wins this season, has lost three of his last five games. Top Reliever Jeff Reardon has muffed eight critical saves, causing such consternation among Montreal fans that they even booed his wife Phebe when she recently appeared on the field at Olympic Stadium for a charity presentation.

Leftfielder Tim Raines leads the league with 73 steals, but Slugger Andre Dawson (.306) has been in and out of the lineup with a knee problem. Says Third Baseman Tim Wallach, who recently emerged from a batting slump: "Now it's not just a star or two, but nine players every day." The real pressures are mental, claims Virdon, who declared a double victory last week even before the war was over. Said he: "We've managed to stay on top *and* retain our sanity." Virdon spoke too soon; his team immediately dropped back to third by losing to the Chicago Cubs, 8-0.

The tense and touchy Phillies are having troubles of their own. Premier Hurler Steve Carlton (lifetime record: 298 wins, 199 defeats) has recorded only 13 victories. Pete Rose, 42, is having his first sub-.250 season at the plate and is not happy about being benched occasionally. "I'm not a four-day-a-week player," he says. Sixto Lezcano and Joe Lefebvre, picked up in mid-season trades with the ever woeful San Diego Padres, are pinch-hitting for some of the slumping veterans. None of this pleases All-Star Third Baseman Mike Schmidt, who is leading the league with 36 homers despite a modest .250 average. "There's too many good ballplayers to choose from, and there's no set lineup," he complained last week. "We're stifling the talent." Angry Manager Paul Owens responded by reeling off the sinking batting averages of his high-priced talent. "It's enough to make you sick," he said.

The revived Pirates believe in new names. Slugger Dave Parker, the National League's Most Valuable Player in 1978 and star of the 1979 World Series, has faded as the Pirates have rallied from eight games off the lead in June. To compensate, Shortstop Dale Berra, Yogi's 26-year-old son, is tagging critical hits, and righthanded Starter Lee Tunnell, 22, has bolstered the Pirates' hurling with a 28-hitless-inning streak in his first full major-league season. Curiously, the Pirates play slightly better on the road (38-33) than at home, where they are 39-37. Says Tanner: "Every game is a mini–World Series. It may be great for baseball, but it's bad for the heart."

"If somebody told me back in spring training," says St. Louis' Herzog early last week, "that after 142 games my best starter [Joaquin Andujar] would be 6-13, the world's best reliever [Bruce Sutter] have only 18 saves, I'd have stayed home." Indeed, even if the Cardinals won all of their remaining games, they could not equal the 92 victories that swept them to the World Series last year. But the Cardinals are scrapping, sacrificing and stealing to make up for that woeful pitching. Their winning run against the Cubs last week was achieved in typical hard-won fashion. Leftfielder Lonnie Smith hit a single, slid into second on a ground out and raced home on another single by Centerfielder Willie Mcgee. Not exactly stylish, but it worked. As Herzog put it, "Oh, we run and do things."

Running in place is the prime activity. At week's end, with 15 games to go, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh were tied for first place, while Montreal was 1½ games back, two games ahead of St. Louis. Musical chairs seems likely to continue until season's end, Oct. 2. Pessimists predict that the eventual victor may even capture fewer than 82 games, the low for a pennant winner, set by the 1973 Mets. Will one team pull away from the crowd? Unlikely, says Herzog. "If you go bass fishing at 5:30 and you haven't caught any by 8:30, chances are you're not going to."

—By J.D. Reed. Reported by Nick Auf der Maur/Montreal and Don Winbush/Chicago, with other bureaus

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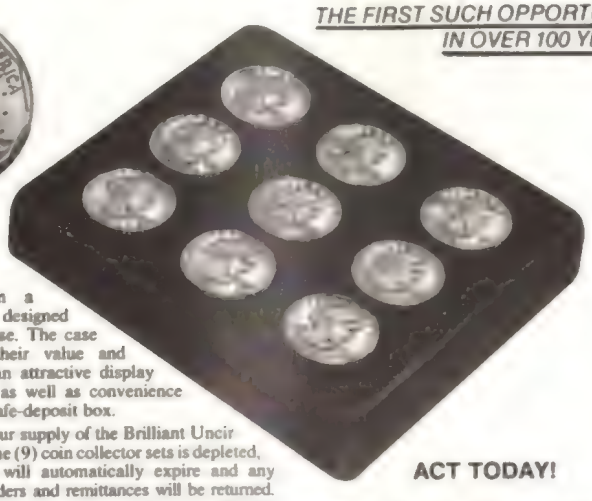

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MINTING ERROR

The error that makes this a rarity? Take a quarter and lay it on the Susan B. Anthony pictured above. Note the similarity in size that turned out to be its problem. People refused to use it—perhaps you were one of them. When the U.S. Government became aware of this public rejection, they recognized that there had been an error in judgment. Susan B. Anthony coin minting ceased, destining the coins to collector status.

Side Judges Jensen and Bragg flank Presiding Judge Meaker at Montpelier courthouse

Putting Laymen on the Bench

Vermont supports a controversial system of citizen judges

Violent crime is relatively rare in bucolic, lightly populated Vermont. So when an assailant killed Chiropractor Peter Sophos with a rifle blast to the face last year in Barre, its 9,800 citizens were shocked. Sophos' 18-year-old neighbor, Gordon Hunt, was arrested for the murder the same day. Police said that Hunt told them, "I always wanted to shoot someone."

Despite the angry mood of the community, the prosecutor and defense attorney proposed a plea bargain to Judge James Morse, which he was ready to accept. The deal: if Hunt would plead guilty to second-degree murder, his sentence would be ten years to life, with the possibility of parole after six years and eight months.

But Jane Wheel, a former teacher, and Charles Delaney, a restaurant owner, overruled Morse and demanded that Hunt be tried for first-degree murder, a ruling now under appeal. Wheel and Delaney were exercising this legal authority in their roles as "assistant judges." Also known as side judges, these officials are ordinary citizens with no legal training who are elected to sit beside the state's law-trained superior court judges and share much of their judicial power. There are 28 of these citizen judges in Vermont, two in each of the state's 14 counties. They sit on both jury and nonjury cases and are elected for four-year terms.

Vermont is not the only state with nonlawyer judges. A 1979 study by the Institute of Judicial Administration and the National Center for State Courts found that there were some 14,000 such judges in 44 states. In every other state these lay judges are functionaries assigned to low-level courts, where dockets consist mostly of traffic offenses, minor civil suits and petty criminal offenses. Only in Vermont do lay judges exercise substantial authority in important cases.

The assistant judges, established by Vermont's 18th century constitution, are a remnant of the hostility toward lawyers that many of the original colonists brought with them from England. That mistrust persists to this day. Vermonters are fond of pointing out to strangers that in the Green Mountain State's peculiar twang, the word lawyer comes out sounding like "liar."

Over the past century, the organized bar in the U.S. has waged a relentless and effective campaign against lay judges. In Vermont, which is still governed by a part-time legislature where lawyers are in a minority, most efforts to curtail the assistant judges' power through legislation have failed.

Still, the legislature has not permitted side judges to sit in some kinds of civil cases, such as those involving taxes and the sale of real estate. In 1976, the Vermont Supreme Court ruled that it was a violation of defendants' right to due process for lay judges to rule on matters of law in criminal cases. Side judges, however, can still rule on questions of fact and sentencing (in an appeal to the Vermont Supreme Court, Gordon Hunt's attorney is currently challenging the side judges' right to interfere with plea bargaining).

In criminal proceedings, the superior courts have tended to hear only murder and kidnaping cases. Some assistant judges are upset with a 1982 law that allows prosecutors to take even those cases to district courts, where there are no assistant judges. Side Judge Wheel contends that "this is one place where the people's judges should sit, particularly for the sentencing of one human being who has taken the life of another."

Sentencing is a matter of great interest to many side judges. In Windsor County last year Louis Hamlin, a high school student, was convicted of murdering a twelve-year-old girl. Superior Court Judge Thomas Hayes, who described the proceedings as "the most controversial murder case in Vermont in a long, long time," would have sentenced Hamlin to 35 years. But his two assistant judges insisted on adding another ten years. Says one local court observer: "That made the assistant judges even more popular." (Hamlin is appealing the assistant judges' action.)

The law-trained superior court judges are well aware of the side judges' popularity. Says Judge John Meaker: "If it develops confidence in the judicial system, then it serves an important role." Some jurists are not convinced that they need any help from assistant judges. Chief Justice Franklin Billings of the state's supreme court thinks "their use as far as the law is concerned has been outdated." Says Montpelier Attorney Robert Kurrle: "Lay people are just not as sensitive as lawyers to questions of due process."

Family Law Attorney George Rice is convinced that litigants in domestic disputes feel more comfortable in the presence of "regular people without black robes." (Only presiding judges wear judicial gowns.)

When disputes arise between presiding judges and their assistants, they are settled in chambers. "Sometimes there are 2-to-1 votes, but often it is one of us voting with the presiding judge," says former Civil Servant and Side Judge Patricia Jensen.

The assistant judges, many of whom are retired or own businesses that do not require full-time supervision, are paid $51.50 for each day they are in court. In most counties they sit for no more than 90 days a year. In Washington County, which includes the state capital of Montpelier, side judges are paid an additional $175 a month for administrative work. That barely covers expenses for Assistant Judge Willis Bragg, a retired dairy farmer, who travels 25 miles each way every day from his home in Waitsfield. Bragg does it because he believes that ordinary people should have a voice in government. Says Bragg: "We are advocates for the citizens."

Vermonters are not likely to let anyone take Willis Bragg's job away. Says New York University Law Professor Linda Silberman, co-director of the 1979 study of lay judges: "The notion of abolishing the system in Vermont is like tearing down the American flag. It is a unique system, and it is going to remain." —*By Michael S. Serrill. Reported by Richard Hornik/Montpelier*

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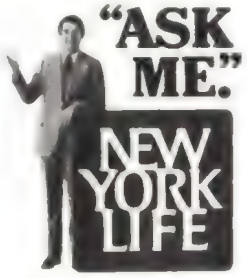

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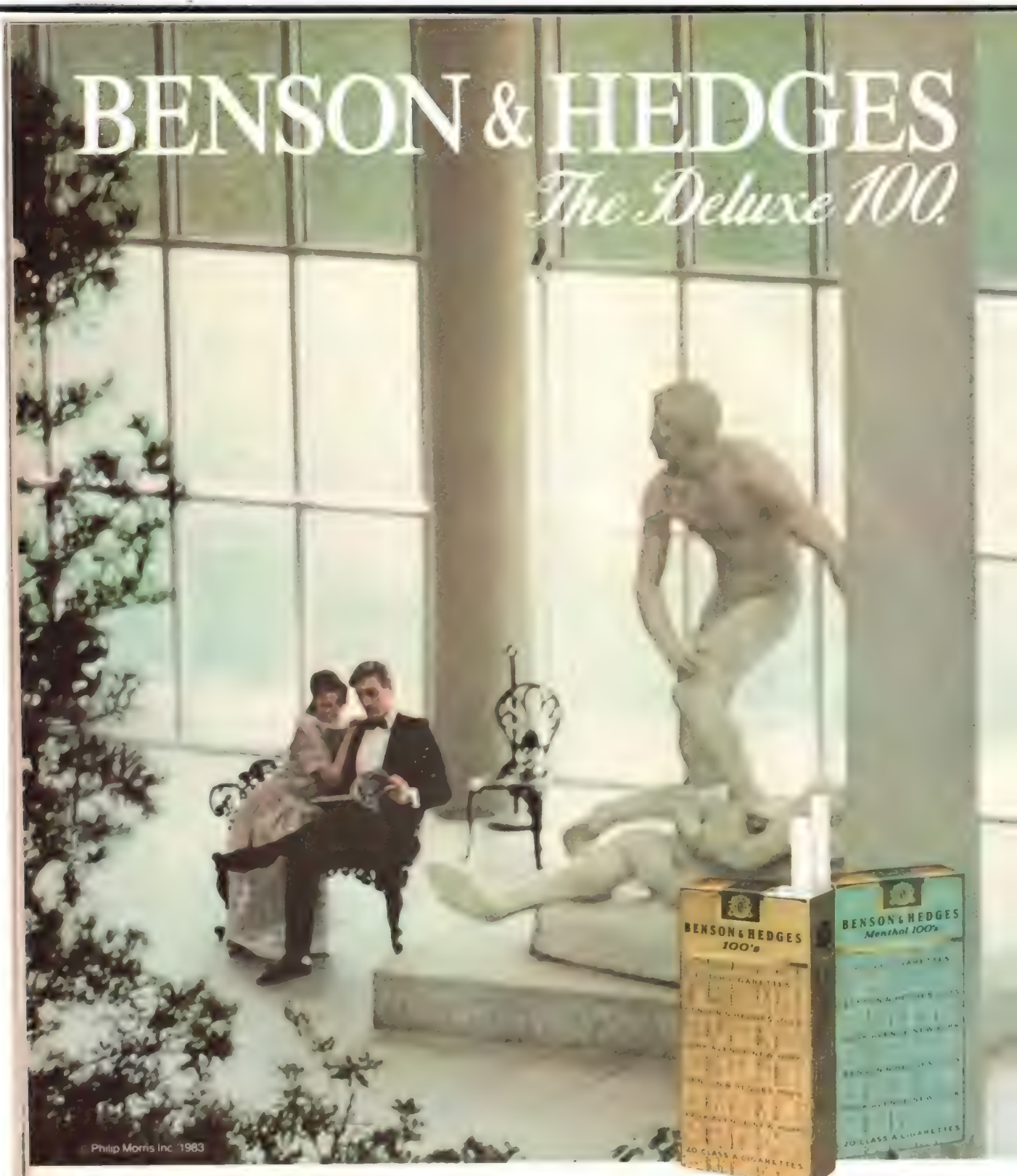

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Reckoning Day

Brink's trio found guilty

"We are at war and have no respect for the laws, the verdict or the sentence. We will continue to maintain our position as freedom fighters." With that defiant statement, three defendants in the Brink's robbery case shrugged off their conviction last week in Goshen, N.Y., on 21 counts of murder and armed robbery.

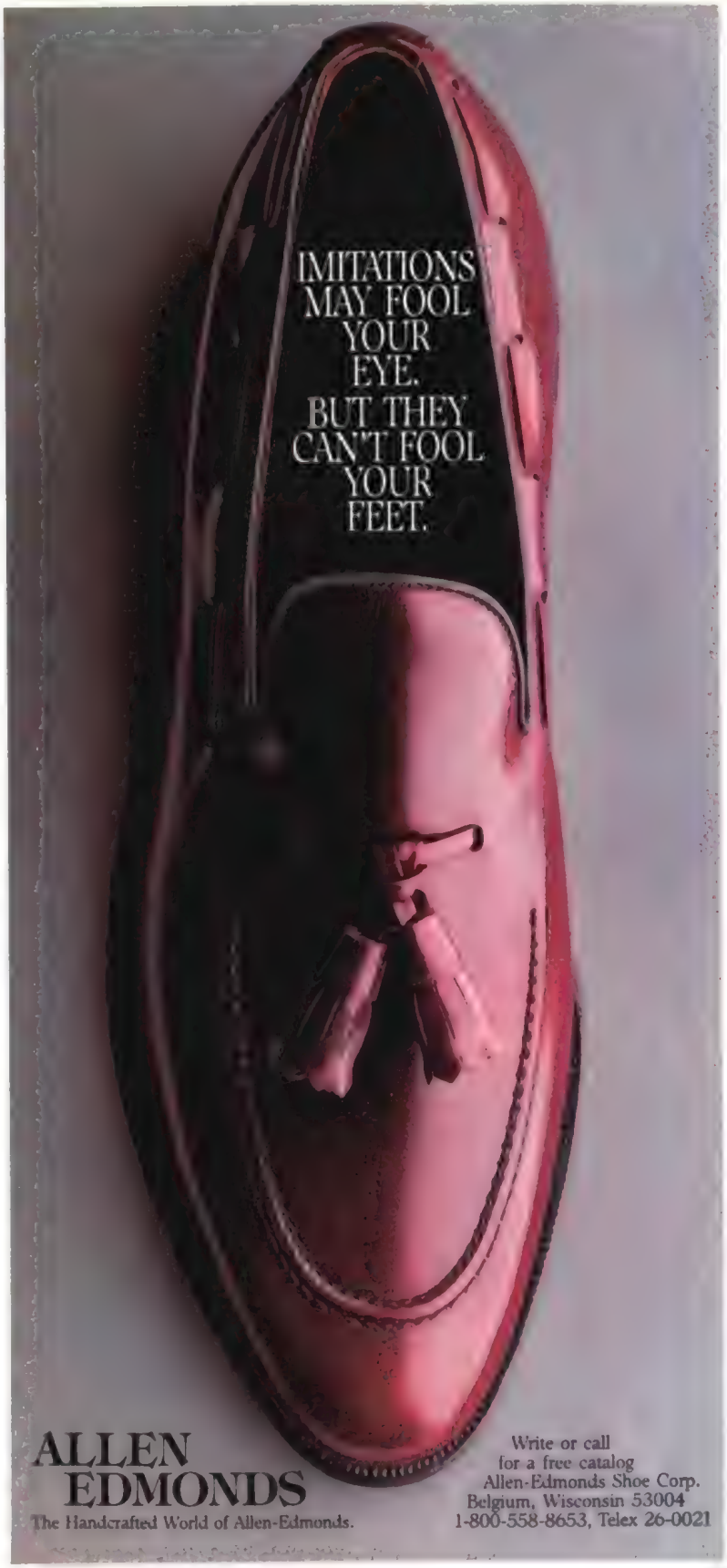
The three radical killers, David Gilbert, Judith Clark and Kuwasi Balagoon, did not even bother to attend the reading of the verdict, which found them guilty of killing a Brink's guard and two police officers during a $1.6 million robbery in New York's Rockland County. Gilbert tried to turn his day of reckoning into a celebration by marrying Weather Underground Radical Kathy Boudin. After the brief ceremony, conducted by a jail chaplain and sealed by a kiss, the two were hauled off to separate cells. Boudin and another Brink's suspect, Samuel Brown, will begin their murder and robbery trial on Oct. 12.

The three convicts face possible terms of 75 years to life. Rockland County District Attorney Kenneth Gribetz will seek the maximum when they are sentenced Oct. 14. Said Gribetz: "There has not been a word of contrition or remorse for the murders. We would be fools not to incarcerate them for the rest of their lives."

Despite the Goshen convictions, the prosecution of the Brink's case has not been entirely successful. Of the six suspects who were tried this year in federal district court in New York City in connection with the robbery, none was found guilty of participating in the crime. Two defendants were convicted of racketeering and conspiracy in connection with crimes dating from 1979. Two were convicted of being accessories after the Brink's holdup, while the remaining pair was acquitted. Of the 28 counts against the defendants, 21 were thrown out by the jury.

D.A. Gribetz

Some observers were startled by the results of the federal case, which had been carefully orchestrated with Rockland County authorities to maximize the chance of convictions. The federal prosecutors relied heavily on the testimony of two informants who defense attorneys said were lying to save themselves. Gribetz, however, was able to introduce testimony from eyewitnesses to the crimes. In the federal prosecution's defense, Gribetz said: "They had the more difficult case in that theirs rested upon informant testimony." Nevertheless, even U.S. District Court Judge Kevin Thomas Duffy, who presided over the five-month federal trial, expressed surprise at the result. Said he: "I have never understood juries." ■



Linda Leads the Band

A ravishing album of standards by a lovelorn rock-'n'-roll girl

The title is a bit of a tease. The most recent song on *What's New* is *Crazy He Calls Me* (1949). The earliest, *What'll I Do?*, is a certifiable, card-carrying Irving Berlin classic, vintage 1924.

But what's old, in the case currently under consideration, is very new indeed for Linda Ronstadt, 37, whose lovelorn voice has provided rock 'n' roll with some of the best ballad singing of the decade just past. Now, turning to other decades long past and currently in musical disfavor among her peers, Ronstadt has found a fresh direction. *What's New*, released last week by Asylum, avoids all the obvious routes. Powered by the celestial arrangements of Nelson Riddle, the album is not a sentimental journey, a dizzy camp-out or a show-biz grandstand play. It is a simple, almost reverent, rendering of nine great songs that time has not touched. At first hearing, Ronstadt's fans may be taken aback by the suave but swinging Riddle orchestra, by the playfulness and sophistication of the lyrics, by the tidal pulls of strong melody; this is the sort of music that anyone under 40 is supposed to despise. That is practically an article of rock-'n'-roll faith.

But creeds are made to be challenged, and by that measure *What's New* is one of the gutsiest, most unorthodox and unexpected albums of the year. "Linda deserves a lot of credit for having the courage to do such an album, to fly, in a sense, in the face of the times," says Riddle. Comments Ronstadt's longtime producer-manager, Peter Asher: "It's a bold move. I had mixed feelings about how the record would sell, but not about whether she would do it well."

Ronstadt's feelings are emphatic: "This record is the most important thing I have ever done, the best songs I have ever sung and the best singing I have ever done. I feel it's my life's work in a way. I don't know what my fans will think of it. I don't care too much. I hope they like it, but if they don't there is nothing I can do about it." Or would want to. No one in contemporary rock or pop can sound more enamored, or winsome, or heartbroken, in a love song than Linda Ronstadt. Singing the tunes on *What's New*, or even just talking about them, she still sounds like a woman in love: "It's like falling for a man. You can't not do it. He might be married or maybe not even like you very much and make a complete fool out of you, but you have to have him. When you fall in love you have no choice, and I literally had no choice with these songs. I was hijacked."

She had a long and sometimes bumpy ride. Her pal J.D. Souther, a pretty fair hand at writing a ballad himself (*Prisoner in Disguise*), liked to play Frank Sinatra's 1958 album for her, *Only the Lonely*. She also listened a lot to the extensive collection of vintage records owned by another friend, Author Pete Hamill. But it was not until the summer of 1980, listening one weekend to a Mildred Bailey record ("She sounds very pure and sexy at the same time—a sexy Snow White") at the home of Producer Jerry Wexler, that Ronstadt first hit on the idea of making an album entirely of standards.

Almost a year later, right after finishing her Broadway run in *The Pirates of Penzance* and just before starting the movie version, she and Wexler spent four days in a New York studio working on an album that Ronstadt now thinks of as "an expensive rehearsal session. The tracks weren't right, the way they were recorded wasn't right, the way I sang them wasn't right. *What's New* and *Good-bye* I couldn't sing at all. But I could sing them in the shower, so I knew there was something wrong with the arrangements." She abandoned the record ("Doing that killed me") and instead made *Get Closer*, a fine, smooth and entirely typical Ronstadt album that has sold under her recent platinum-record standard.

It seemed just the time for a new direction, if not for such a big risk. Asher admits to feeling a lot better about the project after Riddle, the 62-year-old grand master of pop orchestration, agreed to sign on. Riddle, who speaks of Ronstadt's "strong, sure, pure tone, a naiveté and a freshness and a little-girlishness which were very appealing," had worked on several seminal Sinatra albums of the 1950s, including *Only the Lonely*. His work with Ronstadt may be hard for him to describe ("I don't know what kind of arrangements I wrote for Linda. It is probably as mysterious to me as it is to you. One goes on instinct"), but it does them both equal honor. Ronstadt, working from the same basic list of tunes she had attempted in 1981, wanted to "present the songs as purely as the day they were written. I wanted the pure melodies to come out."

When Riddle and Ronstadt first met in May 1982, he brought along the original sheet music he had used to arrange *Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry*. Casually he crossed out "Frank's key" in the corner to replace it with an annotation for Ronstadt's. "You can't do that, that's historic!" she protested, and got herself a new piece of sheet music, as well as a brand-new arrangement.

Ronstadt faced the recording process with some trepidation. Used to following a rock band, she now found herself singing, live, with a 47-piece orchestra that followed her. The experience, she reports, was "overwhelming. But musically it was also the most exhilarating I have ever had." Her friend Randy Newman, recording in a studio near by, listened in on some sessions and razzed Peter Asher about tapping his foot to the music. "There's no back beat," Newman reminded him. "It's not like rock 'n' roll."

Maybe not musically. But emotionally, Ronstadt's new album can bring a sweet rush of feeling that is immediate, direct and, for all its sumptuousness, almost recklessly intense. Any rocker would recognize the feeling. And, if anyone can, it is Linda Ronstadt who ought to be able to get them to hear it, too, right here. —*By Jay Cocks.*
Reported by Denise Worrell/Los Angeles

The chanteuse, arrayed in formal funk

Hijacked by nine timeless tunes.

People

"As a kid I was fascinated by knights and pageantry," says Actor **Matthew Broderick,** 21, now in Italy filming *Ladyhawke,* a medieval love story. Turning myth into filmed reality, however, has been anything but child's play. "The first day of shooting I was asked to ride a horse up a steep hill to a castle; at the same time I was told to hold on to a live hawk with a glinting brown eye," says Broderick, who was last seen on-screen playing

Broderick and flighty co-star on the set of *Ladyhawke*

WarGames with a renegade Defense Department computer. This time he is a young thief who dashes to the aid of a beautiful princess and her cavalier, under a spell that turns her into a hawk by day and the cavalier into a wolf by night. Actors have had scenes with predators before, but most of them were agents. Broderick confesses that he was "scared stiff" to play opposite this beady, beaky old pro. Still, when your co-star is the thing with feathers, all you can do is wing it.

■

Daddy may be a political superstar, but Actress **Patti Davis,** 30, has lately been less concerned with **Ronald Reagan's** career than with carving out her own constituency. Her recent activities range from a stint in summer stock, where she starred in a Traverse City, Mich., production of *Vanities,* to a more glamorous gig posing for British Photographer Patrick Lichfield in nearly $1 million worth of diamond, emerald and platinum jewels. The idea for the photos came from **Olga Rostropovich,** the daughter of Conductor-Cellist **Mstislav Rostropovich,** who persuaded a gaggle of international beauties to sparkle for Lichfield. Among them: **Princess Caroline** of Monaco, **Morgan Fairchild** and **Lindsay Wagner.** The ice was provided by Harry Winston, whose army of security guards was as vigilant as Patti's Secret Service men. At first, while posing for the pictures in Los Angeles, she appeared to be put down by all that glitter. "Look at my nose," she reportedly complained. "It is too long, and it wrinkles when I laugh." But she was content with the photographed results. "I'm not so bad," Davis was said to have remarked to Lichfield. "You had taste."

■

"I loved **Mr. T,** but I hate the makeup," says **Gary Coleman,** 15, who spent more than two hours dressing up as his oversized hero for the season premiere of the NBC series *Diff'rent Strokes. The A-Team* spends a week filming in the Drummond apartment, and little Arnold has an identity crisis when he learns that his new girlfriend is only using him to meet Mr. T. Arnold's effort to win back her attentions by imitating television's baddest dresser will never get him into the pages of *Gentlemen's Quarterly,* but it does get lower-case t a lecture from upper-case T, who explains, "You gotta be your own original." When you're 15 years old, 4 ft. 2 in. and the star of a sitcom in its sixth season, that kind of advice is about as useful as a Mandinka toupee.

"There will be no political or aggressive message directed toward the East," declared Vienna's **Franz Cardinal König** on the eve of **Pope John Paul II's** four-day visit to Austria. But the Pontiff's carefully worded pronouncements could not entirely escape political hemidemisemiquavers during last week's trip. John Paul's most explicit address came the day of his arrival. During vespers on the Heldenplatz, in the heart of "imperial" Vienna, he praised a crowd of about 100,000 Austrians for their nation's "willingness to open its boundaries to people from other countries deprived of the freedom of religion, the freedom of speech and respect for human dignity." That evening at the Vienna soccer stadium, the Pope warned his youthful audience (in fluent German) against "drugs and casual sexual encounters," and dismissed the notion of a "different, novel sort of church." On the third day of his visit, he led a group of Polish émigrés in religious and national songs and, at another point, was seen reading a pamphlet titled *Solidarity in Work.* Asked at the end of the journey whether such visits might be a source of encouragement to Catholics in neighboring Czechoslovakia and other East bloc countries, John Paul replied, "Yes, I am very convinced of this."

—By Guy D. Garcia

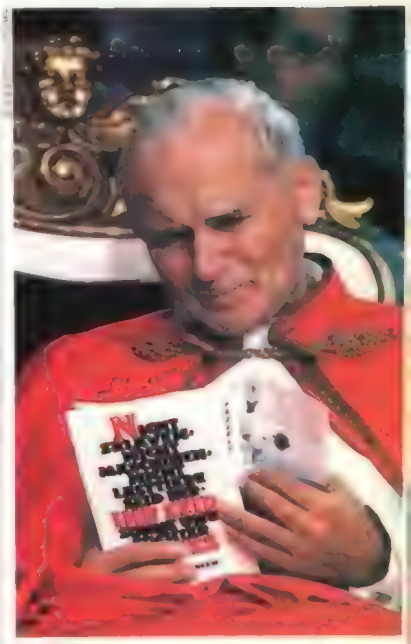
On the Record

Daniel Boorstin, 68, historian: "Reading is like sex. It is often undertaken in bed, and people are not inclined to underestimate either the extent or the effectiveness of their activity."

James Baldwin, 59, novelist: "Everybody wants an artist on the wall or on the shelf, but nobody wants him in the house."

Erica Jong, 41, author, on women's liberation: "We won the right to be eternally exhausted. I can just see my daughter's generation saying I'm not going to give it away. I'm going to wait until I'm taken care of."

Davis looking like a million



John Paul II pondering solidarity in Vienna

Coleman looking up to Mr. T

Video

And *Mister Ed* Begat *Mr. Smith*

The new TV series are all crossbred, and the strains show

The Deal may be the classic Hollywood art form, but crossbreeding is the way to an audience's heart. In the entertainment industry, nothing "new" succeeds like last year's success, with a twist. *Star Wars?* It is like *2001*, but cute. *E.T.?* Disney meets *Alien*. *Flashdance?* MTV with a plot. The same, but different. In network television, with its older, more sedentary and conservative audience, the emphasis is on same. Virtually all of the 22 series making their debuts on ABC, CBS and NBC in the next month are clones or hybrids of other TV shows. To hit it big, you just have to know which strains to breed. The trouble is that in most of this fall's premieres the breeding does not show, only the strain.

Downtrodden: Kahn in *Oh Madeline*

With the exceptions of *AfterMASH* (CBS) and *Bay City Blues* (NBC's major-league series about a minor-league baseball team, from the producers of *Hill Street Blues*), the new shows find their role models not in TV trailblazers but in the Lowest Common Dreck. *I Dream of Jeannie* inspired *Just Our Luck* (ABC); *Mister Ed* begat *Mr. Smith* (NBC); *Bewitched* gave birth to *Jennifer Slept Here* (NBC). *Webster* (ABC) is *Diff'rent Strokes* with a foster mother. *The Rousters* (NBC) is more dudes of Hazzard. *Lottery$* (ABC) is *The Millionaire* after inflation. Two shows, *Cutter to Houston* (CBS) and *Trauma Center* (ABC), could be called *The Mod Squad Goes to Med School*. *Manimal* (NBC) is a menagerie of rip-offs, and *It's Not Easy* (ABC) is a rip-off of ménages. *We Got It Made* (NBC) is *Three's Company* with a sex change.

Movies and pay cable may brandish their R-rated license, but none of the saltier four-letter words has yet passed the lips of a prime-time hero. No sitcom vixen has bared so much as a nipple. In the new shows one can detect a struggling within the mass-media straitjacket of language and sex. Prime time is like a twelve-year-old tentatively imitating his big bad brother: sneaking a cigarette, practicing a curse word, miming an open-mouthed kiss. Sex can only be suggested, of course, but it may also be suggestive; one smoldering glance can steam up any innuendo. Extract from the pilot script for *Emerald Point N.A.S.* (CBS), a Jacuzzi-hot soap opera set on a naval base: "PAN FROM the clothes on the floor TO a man's jeans and Levi jacket draped over a chair. From just [off-screen], little bleating sounds of passion, at once ladylike and sensual. Now PAN ON OVER TO the bed and FIND Hilary and a young man locked in naked and breathless embrace. As Hilary is swept . . . from passion to frenzy that approaches violence, biting and clawing at the young man in bed with her, GO TO [a jet plane] firing up with a great, pulsing roar."

Emerald Point's producers call their show, which stars Dennis Weaver as an admiral with three lubricious daughters, "a modern *King Lear*." (Then what's *Dallas? Oedipus Tex?*) This and the other new dramas offer the easy thrills of a paperback bought at a bus terminal; even the season's best sitcoms, *Just Our Luck* and *Mr. Smith*, are no more demanding than a vintage comic book in Dad's attic. Still, trash has its charms. Herewith a look at ten fall shows, good, bad and same-different:

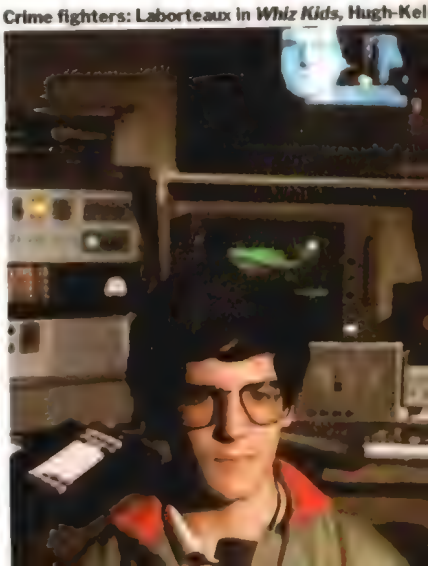
Hardcastle and McCormick (ABC, Sundays, 8 p.m. E.S.T.). Under his robes, Judge Milton C. Hardcastle wears Hawaiian shirts, jogging shorts and filthy sneakers. But if you think his haberdashery is reprehensible, wait till you hear his judicial philosophy: "Hunt 'em, hear 'em and hang 'em!" The A.C.L.U. may run for help, but "Hardcase" (Brian Keith) figures the law is too soft on criminals. So he hires one (Daniel Hugh-Kelly) to help him catch the bad guys. With a face of aged granite and a voice that sounds like Duke Wayne over ground glass, Keith has a certain mastodon appeal. He can keep appealing until his show is canceled—or until Hardcase is appointed to the Reagan Supreme Court.

Scarecrow and Mrs. King (CBS, Mondays, 8 p.m.). Or: *Mary Richards Meets James Bond*. She (Kate Jackson) is recently divorced, a Cub Scout den mother of two. He (Bruce Boxleitner) is brave, suave, handsome; a spy. He leads her through a cheerfully baroque maze of international intrigue; she alternates between frying and saving his bacon, not to mention the Free World. In Jackson, who has acquired a crinkly allure, and Boxleitner, who looks like Robert Redford just before puberty, this series has two stars worth catching on cold Monday nights. Like just about every other new show, *Scarecrow* speaks to the conservative national mood: the villains work for the KGB. After a decade of Le Carré

Weaver in *Emerald Point N.A.S.*: Jacuzzi-hot, with

Fun couples: Shepherd and Elliott in *The Yellow Ros*

Crime fighters: Laborteaux in *Whiz Kids*, Hugh-Kel



"little bleating sounds of passion"

Boxleitner and Jackson in *Scarecrow and Mrs. King*

and Keith in *Hardcastle and McCormick*

naturalism, cold war chic rides again.

Boone (NBC, Mondays, 8 p.m.). Boone Sawyer (Tom Byrd), the pride of Trinity, Tenn., wants to be a country singing star. Created by Earl Hamner *(The Waltons)*, *Boone* argues that you can pursue an artistic dream and still love your folks. It dispenses much sugar-coated wisdom, and bathes John-Boone's homestead in the sunlight of reverie. Byrd is almost convincing when he proclaims that "it's my heart's craving—it's my passion—to sing." Alas, he sings with neither pitch nor power. Alovin' and afightin' and asingin' off key? Paging Marni Nixon.

Just Our Luck (ABC, Tuesdays, 8 p.m.). Executive Producer Chuck Gordon calls this "a 'relationship' show, sort of *I Dream of the Odd Couple.*" How odd? Keith Barrow (Richard Gilliland) is a nebbishy TV weatherman who spiffs up his act with help from a 3,000-year-old black genie (T.K. Carter). Not much promise here, but it is the delivery that counts. Like *Bosom Buddies* of a few seasons backs, *Just Our Luck* scores as hip, underplayed farce. The chemistry must keep working to please adults, while special effects keep the kids happy. (Example: Shabu metamorphoses into a soul quartet called the Shabettes, in which Carter parodies Michael Jackson, Stevie Wonder, Rick James and Lionel Richie, all at the same time.)

Landlocked: Davis in *Hotel*

Oh Madeline (ABC, Tuesdays, 9:30 p.m.). Madeline Kahn is often a sexy, dizzy comedian. In this domestic sitcom, Kahn still gets laughs trilling coloratura inanities, or scrunching up her mouth like a Señor Wences hand puppet. But her show leans too heavily on mistaken identities and enervated gags; to keep the show upright, she pushes too hard. Oh Madeline.

Whiz Kids (CBS, Wednesdays, 8 p.m.). With good eye-hand coordination, you can master Pac Man or Q*bert; if you have good eye-brain coordination, you can rule the world by remote control. Such is the potential of the computer generation, and the premise of this slick TV cousin to the hit movie *WarGames*. With real-life teen-age "hackers" making news tapping into corporate computers, *Whiz Kids* Executive Producer Philip DeGuere is already at work sanitizing his show. This is as redundant a pastime as vacuuming Disneyland. The series' white-collar meanies are too plastic to make one anxious; the young stars (led by Matthew Laborteaux) are too wimpy to make one care. Back to the arcade, guys.

Hotel (ABC, Wednesdays, 10 p.m.). That lowest form of plant life, *The Love Boat*, has spawned more plankton this fall. In San Francisco's St. Gregory Hotel, a landlocked Love Boat, guest stars of medium wattage (notably the deliciously tawdry Morgan Fairchild) register for a brief encounter, while the staff (James Brolin, Connie Selleca and those two glorious cat fighters from *All About Eve*, Bette Davis and Anne Baxter) smooth egos and smother the occasional crime. The place should be a Gland Hotel, but in an Aaron Spelling series no one is encouraged to strike erotic sparks. *Hotel* is so anemic it makes even its true subject—ostentatious greed—unsexy.

Mr. Smith (NBC, Fridays, 8 p.m.). An orangutan with an IQ of 256 is a valued government consultant. His voice is urban-gruff, like a taxi driver's in a traffic jam. He looks a bit like Herman Kahn, the late thermonuclear gamesman. He employs a snippy major domo (Leonard Frey) who wonders how he got involved with a monkey. Ed. Weinberger, Stan Daniels and David Lloyd, who made *Mary Tyler Moore* the best sitcom in television, may be asking themselves the same question. And yet Lloyd's *Mr. Smith* script is a diverting parody of Washington politics, with on-target jokes about Jackie Kennedy, the diplomatic corps and a top Administration executive who once spent bedtime with Bonzo.

For Love and Honor (NBC, Fridays, 10 p.m.). Just your typical squadron: two compassionate yet tough sergeants (Cliff Potts and Yaphet Kotto); a budding psychopath of a captain (Gary Grubbs); and a whole bunch of horny yet dedicated boys and girls. This is today's Army and last year's hit movie, *An Officer and a Gentleman* with just a little less raunch and a lot more compassion. When *For Love and Honor* forgets about being gung-ho, it demonstrates snap and savvy and a barracksful of fine young players, especially Rachel Ticotin and Eddie Velez.

The Yellow Rose (NBC, Saturdays, 10 p.m.). That old patriarch Wade Champion, he sired more boys than Ibn Saud put together: Roy (David Soul), who runs the Yellow Rose ranch; Quisto (Edward Albert), who wants to put oil derricks on the grazing land; and now Chance (Sam Elliott), fresh from a seven-year stretch for murder one. The women, too, can be hard as a Texas dirt road and twice as dangerous: Grace McKenzie (a sizzling Susan Anspach), the cook, serves up more than biscuits, and Colleen Champion (a restored Cybill Shepherd) looks ready to make trouble with every male on the show. The first episode gives hints of money wrangles and byzantine plot twists, but *The Yellow Rose* could be more than a prairiefied *Dallas*. NBC says the series is "in the tradition of *Giant* and *Hud*," and it is. It is also in the Saturday-night graveyard slot, so it will have to corral an audience quickly. *The Yellow Rose* deserves a shot: this lowdown hoedown is the fall's juiciest new show.

—By Richard Corliss

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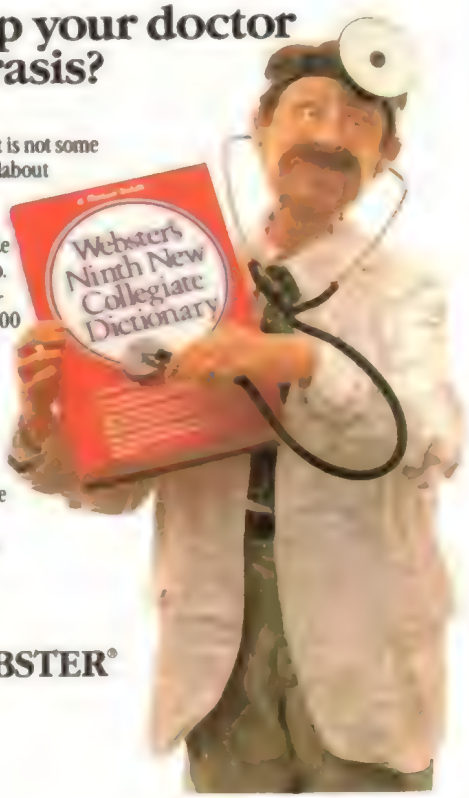

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Education

Try Harder

Carnegie stresses writing skills

Hardly a week goes by without a new study of the nation's public schools. The latest such report, by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, may be the most thoughtful and specific of the lot. Titled *High School: a Report on Secondary Education in America*, it was produced over a period of 30 months by a team of 23 educators and trained observers who spent 2,000 hours examining 15 representative high schools and interviewing teachers, principals and students. Carnegie President Ernest Boyer, former U.S. Commissioner of Education under President Jimmy Carter, collected their journals and wrote the final account, which is being published this month by Harper & Row. Says Boyer: "This report on the American high school begins with the conviction that the time for renewing education has arrived. If we do not seize this special moment, we will fail the coming generation and the nation."

Ernest Boyer

High School ticks off a crisp, twelve-point "agenda for action" with four main priorities:

▸ All students should master oral and written English and should be tested before they enter high school to make sure they are proficient in the subject.

▸ All students should take a core curriculum. In addition to strengthening traditional courses in literature, history, mathematics and science, schools should require classes in a foreign language, the arts, civics, non-Western studies, health and technology.

▸ The lot of the nation's beleaguered teachers should be improved, not only by higher pay and greater recognition but by allowing them more time to concentrate on professional tasks.

▸ Students should be trained to be responsible citizens by being required to spend at least 30 hours a year (evenings, weekends or summers) doing volunteer work on projects in their communities.

The Carnegie Foundation also calls for federal funds and participation in setting up a network of residential math and science academies for gifted students and establishing a National Teacher Service that would provide scholarships for top students who want to become teachers themselves. Although President Reagan remains steadfast in his argument that schooling is a local responsibility, Secretary of Education Terrel Bell has already praised the Carnegie report for its "breadth and creativity." ■

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7.25	18,600	231	72.875
7.25	4,600	262	72.625
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8.75	20,400	256	78.125
8.75	130,000	279	78
9.00	50,000	281	78.75
9.25	65,500	296	79.75
9.50	46,000	297	81
9.75	11,300	299	81.75
10.00	8,900	303	82.75
10.25	40,000	305	83.875
10.50%	$ 5,900	237	86 %
10.50	34,900	305	85
10.75	11,500	303	86.125
11.00	51,800	308	87.50
11.25	27,500	311	88.625
11.50	51,700	319	89.875
11.75	55,500	337	91
12.00	54,000	337	92.25
12.25	31,900	336	93.25
12.50	30,300	326	94.75
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In Praise of Excellent Women

Barbara Pym's popularity proves that old-fashioned virtues pay

Her career would furnish the plot for a 19th century novel: patience rewarded, prevalence over adversity. In the '50s Barbara Pym was a thriving author of well-made English novels. The Swinging Sixties, which got their early momentum in London, swept her out of style. It was not until 1977, when both Poet Philip Larkin and Biographer Lord David Cecil mentioned her in a *Times Literary Supplement* survey of unjustly neglected writers, that anyone cared to deal with a Pym manuscript. But Larkin and Cecil, literary mandarins though they were, turned out to have their fingers on the public pulse. Before she died, at 66, more than two years ago, Barbara Pym had again become fashionable. Today all ten of her novels are selling well in hardback and paper editions, especially in the U.S.

Pym's books are about women; her male characters are vague sketches or figures of fun. Most of the women lead marginal lives marked by few crises or triumphs; to get by they must be as frugal with their emotions as they are with their money. Many are "excellent women"—the title of one of Pym's best novels—"who are not for marrying." Shy, fastidious, unconsciously formidable, they wade at the edge of life while others swim into the current that leads to husbands or professional status. In a cherishing, detailed manner, Pym provides her solitaries with a minute but wholly credible world.

Her favorite institution is the Church of England; many of her excellent women live through it, in a round of jumble sales, festivals, parish politics and hopeless crushes on clergymen. If Pym's ecclesiastics tend to be a weak, feckless lot, it is no wonder: they are endlessly cosseted by women. One of her most vibrant characters is Harriet Bede in *Some Tame Gazelle*, actually an affectionate portrait of the author's sister Hilary. This middle-aged lady is crazy about curates, the younger and more threadbare the better. Any veteran of her bounty—rich food, good sherry, hand-knit woollies—is spoiled for life.

Pym's alternate arena is the world of anthropology. The change is not as abrupt as it appears. For much of her professional life, she edited scholarly publications, and while she had no real interest in the discipline, regarded its practitioners as endlessly amusing. *A Few Green Leaves* is structured like an anthropological study of a small English village. *Less Than Angels* is a particularly astringent account of social scientists: when its callous hero Tom cannot decide between an excellent woman and her young rival, he flies off to Africa (no escape there, however: Pym kills him off in the bush). A colleague named Lydgate sits in his study intending to do important work but ends by poring over wine lists.

All this is wry social comedy, marvelous in its authenticity. But there is a harder side to Pym, an acute knowledge of the heart's foolishness, of the forces that isolate and diminish the aging, of the helplessness of the poor and the unlucky to alter the course of their lives. "Distressed gentlewoman" is a phrase that echoes sadly through her writing. *The Sweet Dove Died*—an exception among her novels, since neither clergymen nor anthropologists figure in it—is about a vain, middle-aged beauty who drives out her tenant, Miss Foxe, an ancient who lugs buckets of paraffin up several flights of stairs to heat her top-floor flat. In *Quartet in Autumn*, Pym's bleakest and most critically acclaimed book, two women and two men who share an office regard retirement with a collective dread. Their work may be inconsequential and boring, but it is their only real hold on life.

MARC GERSON

Barbara Pym, 1979: now triumphantly back in the mainstream

In press releases and reviews, Barbara Pym's life has been summarized in a way that makes her sound very much like an "excellent woman": unmarried, a toiler in scientific fields, a woman who stopped writing when her publisher rejected one of her manuscripts. *A Very Private Eye*, an autobiography drawn from her diaries to be published next spring, gives a livelier picture. A lawyer's daughter from Shropshire, she lived an intense student life at Oxford in the '30s. Her knowledge of the sad imbalances of love came from several unfortunate affairs. Her first book, *Some Tame Gazelle*, about middle-aged sisters, was written in 1935 when she was 21 (it was revised and published 15 years later). Already certain she would be a writer, she fashioned the story by imagining her sister and herself 30 years hence. The dolorous silence that supposedly followed her rejection by Publisher Jonathan Cape in 1963 never occurred. She kept on writing, and with British pertinacity, sent manuscripts to more than 20 publishers under a variety of male and female pseudonyms.

Throughout, she was strictly true to what she knew. There are almost no children in her fiction, no politics or worldly intrigue, and very few excursions abroad. Death is only significant in *Quartet in Autumn* and *A Few Green Leaves*, which were written after she knew that she had cancer. She also knew, at the end, that she was back in the mainstream. That sense of triumph must have informed the closing words of *Quartet in Autumn*, in which unaccustomed events "at least . . . made one realize that life still held infinite possibilities for change." —**By Martha Duffy**

Excerpt

"Letty had imagined herself sleeping late on that first morning, but she woke up at the usual time . . . so strong was the habit of 40 years. And older people are said to wake up earlier, she thought, so perhaps the habit would never be broken.

'What are you going to *do* when you retire?' people had asked her. And naturally she had made the usual answers—how nice it would be not to have to go to the office—how she would now have time to do all those things she had always wanted to do (these 'things' were unspecified)—and read all the books she had never had time to read before—*Middlemarch* and *War and Peace*, perhaps even *Dr. Zhivago*. And really, when it came to retiring, she could have said, 'A woman can always find plenty to occupy her time'—that was the great thing, being a woman. It was men one felt sorry for in retirement."

—*Quartet in Autumn*

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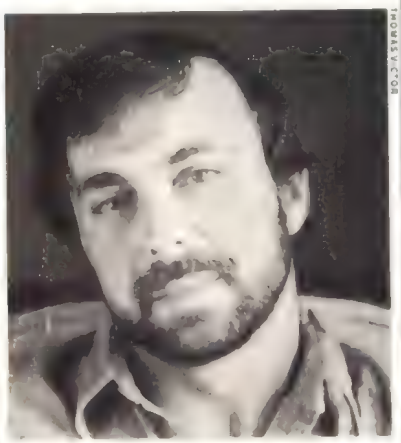
Snapshots

DELCORSO'S GALLERY
by Philip Caputo; Holt, Rinehart & Winston; 352 pages; $15.95

The home office of International Press Service is clamoring for a "roser." It is, the Beirut bureau chief explains, "the radio equivalent of bang-bang, an on-scene report, the purpose of which is to give our listening audience a few thrills while they're driving home on the expressway." But the old pro has had it; his competitive edge is dull from too many wars, too many silly requests and perfunctory atta-boys on the wire. Besides, the Lebanese capital in the mid-'70s is the most dangerous place he has ever seen.



Philip Caputo
Anguished faces in the developing solution.

The situation suggests that the better part of valor is deception. The journalist lowers a microphone from the bureau's balcony to record the racket of civil war, and dubs in a scripted battle scene that includes the voice of a Palestinian guerrilla, played by the Lebanese office manager. The effect is similar to a realistic novel whose ironic task is to trick readers into believing they are getting things as they are.

Philip Caputo (*A Rumor of War, Horn of Africa*) is one of the more successful enhancers of the factual, largely because he writes intensely about his own experiences, which were dramatic and perilous. Caputo, 42, served with the U.S. Marine Corps in Viet Nam during the mid-'60s. He returned ten years later to cover the fall of Saigon for the Chicago *Tribune*. As a journalist, he also rode camels with Eritrean rebels in Ethiopia and was shot in both feet by Muslim militiamen in Beirut.

Substantial parts of *DelCorso's Gallery* are set in Viet Nam and Lebanon; the novel is not only about war but also about the relationship between morals and aesthetics. Nicholas DelCorso, the proletarian hero with a limp caused by an old wound, acts as if the good and the beautiful are inseparable. He is an award-winning news photographer who, like a Hemingway bullfighter, prefers to work in close. The moment of truth occurs in the darkroom when the faces of the anguished and the dead resolve beneath the surface of the developing solution.

Unlike P.X. Dunlop, his rival and former mentor, DelCorso does not doctor his work for effects. He believes that to dodge in shadows or turn bright noon into a moody twilight is to romanticize war's brutality. Dunlop, on the other hand, brands his ex-protégé's snapshots sensationalist. Author Caputo clearly sides with DelCorso and with an ethic that combines the redeeming social value of photography with the woozier aspects of Zen: "His intimacy with his camera had to be such that his use of it at the decisive instant was reflex action, an immediate union of the tangible and intangible, of hand and eye, mind and heart."

The novel's central rivalry climaxes in Beirut, though not before DelCorso tussles with guilt, a bruised class conscience and the bitter truth that he would rather chase wars than stay home with his wife and children. From the reader's point of view, this is a good thing. A domesticated DelCorso, brooding about integrity, mortgage payments and marriage, proves to be unbearable. Abroad, he is the subject of an old-fashioned, manly novel, crisply written with plenty of locker-room banter and bang-bang. —*By R.Z. Sheppard*

Dr. Death

FATAL VISION
by Joe McGinniss
Putnam; 663 pages; $17.95

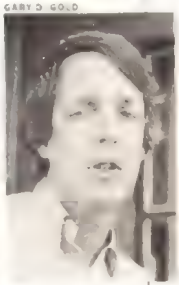
In *Macbeth*, the "fatal vision" of a dagger leads on to murder and blood-soaked revenge. Author Joe McGinniss (*The Selling of the President 1968, Going to Extremes*), uses the image for his chilling investigation of three atrocious deaths that occurred more than a decade ago. But the use of the quote is a bit askew. The Thane of Glamis killed for ambition; Dr. Jeffrey MacDonald, outwardly an all-American winner, brutally murdered his wife and small daughters for reasons that remain elusive.

MacDonald was handsome, ambitious, athletic. After breezing through Princeton, medical school and a surgical residency, he joined the Green Berets at the age of 25. He hoped to ship out to Viet Nam, but never got there. At about 3 a.m. on Feb. 17, 1970, in the MacDonalds' apartment at Fort Bragg, N.C., his wife Colette, 26, pregnant with their third child, was killed; she was stabbed 37 times in the chest and neck. The MacDonald daughters, Kimberly, 5, and Kristen, 2, were murdered so savagely that the Army crime photographer became ill. MacDonald, who was superficially wounded, mumbled of an attack by four hippies chanting "Acid is groovy. Acid and rain." But military investigators concluded that MacDonald had murdered his own family and to cover up had aped the Manson gang's recent grisly slayings of Actress Sharon Tate and some of her friends. At a pre-court-martial hearing half a year later, MacDonald's hustling lawyer, Bernard Segal of Philadelphia, shredded the Army's circumstantial hypothesis and the doctor was set free.

Afterward, MacDonald found himself in demand as a talk-show and party guest, the quintessential victim of military bureaucracy. Moving to Huntington Beach, Calif., he became a respected community do-gooder and an authority on emergency-room procedures. He lived in

Captain Jeffrey MacDonald
Aberrant symbol of the "me" generation?

a mirror-lined condominium and sailed a yacht, *The Recovery Room*. Meanwhile, Colette's salesman stepfather, Freddy Kassab, a former Canadian army intelligence operative, and her mother Mildred were obsessed with grief and vengeance. They petitioned Congress to find the killers. In 1971, when he finally obtained a transcript of the Army hearing, Kassab became convinced of his stepson-in-law's guilt. "If the courts won't administer justice," he said grimly, "I will."



Joe McGinniss

The vigilante never had to act on his vow. In 1975 a grand jury in North Carolina indicted MacDonald for the murders. When MacDonald finally took the stand, his wounded-victim posture collapsed. This time the prosecution's reconstruction of the murders, based on blood types, a footprint, and threads from the doctor's pajama top, horrified grand jurors. MacDonald apparently had bludgeoned Colette and Kimberly and held two-year-old

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Books

Kristen across his lap to stab her. At his trial, delayed almost five years by appeals, he was found guilty of first- and second-degree murder. MacDonald is now serving three consecutive life terms in a Texas federal prison, where he furiously maintains his innocence.

Fatal Vision, heavy with transcripts and letters, is a haunting, obsessive resurrection of crime and punishment, '70s style. But McGinniss titillates the reader with revelations he fails to amplify. Was MacDonald addicted to Eskatrol, a psychotropic diet drug? Is he a borderline homosexual, tormented by confused sexual identity? Or is he an aberrant symbol of the "me" generation gone amuck? The answers may never be known, but the carnage remains. Readers may stay in step with the inconclusive author: "I have followed the tangled paths as far as possible and they have led me to places where I did not ever want to be." —**By J.D. Reed**

Editors' Choice

FICTION: The Cannibal Galaxy, *Cynthia Ozick* • Cathedral, *Raymond Carver* • Franz Kafka The Complete Stories, *Nahum N Glatzer, editor* • The Name of the Rose, *Umberto Eco* • The Philosopher's Pupil, *Iris Murdoch* Slouching Towards Kalamazoo, *Peter De Vries*

NONFICTION: Andropov, *Zhores A Medvedev* • The Book of America, *Neal R Peirce and Jerry Hagstrom* Gorillas in the Mist, *Dian Fossey* Lost in the Cosmos, *Walker Percy* Marcel Proust Selected Letters, *Philip Kolb, editor* • The Rosenberg File, *Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Poland, *Michener (1 last week)*
2. Changes, *Steel (2)*
3. Who Killed the Robins Family?, *Adler and Chastain (3)*
4. Hollywood Wives, *Collins (4)*
5. Christine, *King (5)*
6. August, *Rossner (6)*
7. The Name of the Rose, *Eco (7)*
8. White Gold Wielder, *Donaldson (8)*
9. The Seduction of Peter S., *Sanders (9)*
10. Monimbo, *Moss and de Borchgrave (10)*

NONFICTION

1. In Search of Excellence, *Peters and Waterman (1)*
2. The One Minute Manager, *Blanchard and Johnson (3)*
3. Creating Wealth, *Allen (2)*
4. Megatrends, *Naisbitt (4)*
5. The Best of James Herriot, *Herriot*
6. On Wings of Eagles, *Follett*
7. Tough Times Never Last, but Tough People Do!, *Schuller (5)*
8. Motherhood, *Bombeck*
9. Seeds of Greatness, *Waitley (9)*
10. The Peter Pan Syndrome, *Kiley*

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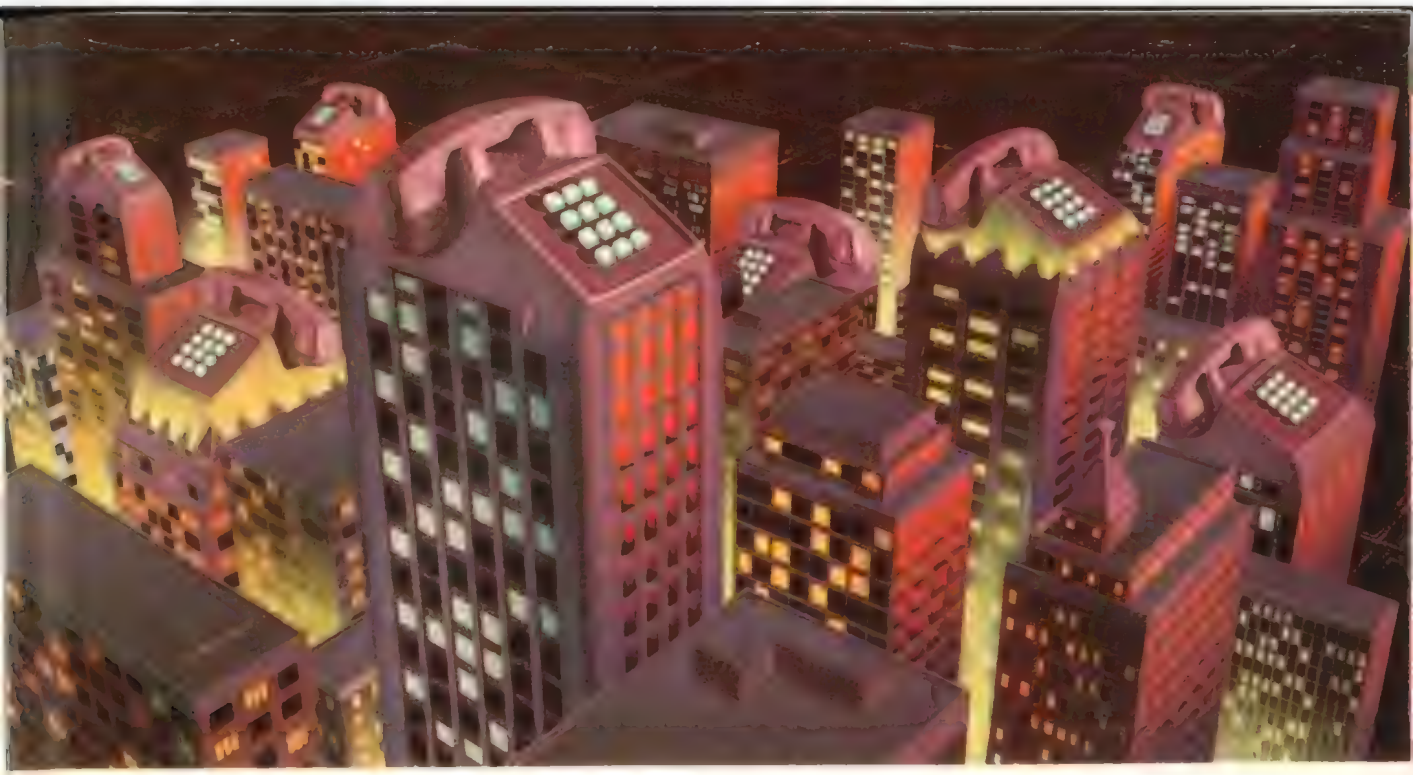

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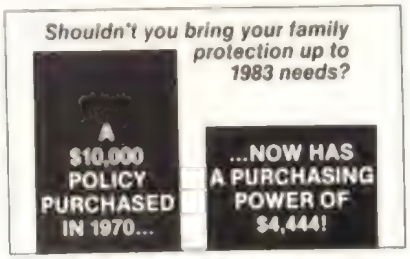

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Press

The Demise of a Cable Directory

Heavy losses and poor prospects, despite advertising support

In April, when Time Inc. launched TV-CABLE WEEK, many analysts predicted that cable operators and their subscribers, although accustomed to low-cost program guides, would be ready to buy the information-packed, four-color magazine, which retailed at $2.95 a month. The expectations were wrong: Time Inc. announced last week that TV-CABLE WEEK was far behind its circulation targets, and will close with the Sept. 25 issue. Estimated pretax losses: $47 million, almost half of the $100 million that the company had planned to lay out during a four- to five-year start-up. Said Time Inc. Editor in Chief Henry Grunwald and President J. Richard Munro: "We were prepared to spend more—if the prospects had warranted it. In our judgment they did not."

TV-CABLE WEEK offered 32 pages weekly of news and features, wrapped around detailed, "system-specific" program listings. Prepared with the help of a costly computer system, the listings cited, channel by channel, exactly the programs that a particular subscriber could receive. The magazine had to be sold twice: first to cable systems, which would share in the revenues, and then to those systems' rosters of subscribers. TV-CABLE WEEK met resistance at both levels. According to Time Inc. officials, many cable operators at first welcomed the concept of the magazine, but later declined to sign up. One reason was that the program guide might compete for subscriber dollars with more profitable pay-TV services. Also, many cable firms either publish their own directories or have contracts with rival guides. As of last week, TV-CABLE WEEK was available in only 19 cable systems, *vs.* a projected total of 30 by the end of 1983. In those markets, the magazine would eventually have sold to just 15% to 30% of households, against Time Inc.'s expectation of 40% to 60%. Thus the magazine was well below its rate base of 400,000 readers, though advertising sales were close to goals. Said Kelso Sutton, Time Inc.'s group vice president–magazines: "Our business plan depended upon high acceptance by cable systems and individuals. We thought the product would be so compelling that it would develop a new market."

The magazine's final issue

Time Inc. owns the leading U.S. pay-TV network, Home Box Office, and one of the biggest cable-system companies, American Television and Communications Corp. But Sutton doubted that those ties affected cable operators' responses to the magazine. Said he: "That would not matter if the deal was right."

Although substantial prepublication research was conducted, TV-CABLE WEEK, unlike other Time Inc. magazines, could not be effectively test-marketed before launching. Producing issues for even a few cable systems for a long enough time to gauge renewal rates would have demanded nearly as big a staff and computer system as a full launch. Moreover, a test would not necessarily have uncovered the cable operators' reluctance. As the weekly's problems became evident, Time Inc. officials explored alternative editorial formats and distribution systems, including turning the magazine into a monthly. But the only viable possibility appeared to be a low-cost, less ambitious guide emphasizing pay TV, which would have lacked the distinctive editorial features of TV-CABLE WEEK and would have been vulnerable to competitors.

Time Inc. officials left open the eventual prospect of publishing some other form of cable magazine. Meanwhile, TV-CABLE WEEK subscribers were guaranteed pro-rata refunds. The magazine's 250 employees were granted extra severance pay, help in placement and priority for Time Inc. jobs. Said Grunwald and Munro: "Throughout TV-CABLE WEEK's development and during its short life, the magazine's staff persevered and displayed the highest professionalism. The quality of the publication, from both an editorial and business point of view, was unique in its field." ■

Milestones

SEPARATED. Dorothy Hamill, 26, vivacious American ice-skating sensation of the 1976 Winter Olympics; and **Dean Paul Martin,** 31, actor and son of Entertainer Dean Martin; after 1½ years of marriage, no children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

SEEKING DIVORCE. Roone Arledge, 52, aggressive, innovative president of ABC News and Sports; and **Ann Arledge,** 35, former Miss Alabama; in New York City.

DIED. Humberto Cardinal Medeiros, 67, theologically conservative leader of Boston's archdiocese, the nation's third largest; of heart failure; in Boston. Ordained in 1946, he became bishop of Brownsville, Texas, in 1966 and succeeded Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing in 1970. "A gentle, compassionate man," in the words of Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis, he caused a stir in 1980 by opposing pro-abortion candidates.

DIED. Balthazar Johannes Vorster, 67, former Prime Minister and President of South Africa, known as a stern enforcer of apartheid; of a pulmonary embolism; in Tygerberg. Interned during World War II for membership in a pro-Nazi movement, Vorster was named Justice Minister in 1961 and imposed such policies as "banning," a form of house arrest, and detention of dissidents without trial. Elected Prime Minister after the 1966 assassination of Hendrik Verwoerd, Vorster held sway for 13 tumultuous years, his racist government increasingly opposed by riots at home and pressure from abroad. He resigned as Prime Minister in 1978 and left the presidency in 1979 after a scandal involving a government slush fund intended to improve South Africa's image.

DIED. James Wechsler, 67, liberal columnist and former editor of the New York *Post*; of cancer; in New York City. Wechsler was one of the first major journalists to oppose Senator Joseph McCarthy's witch-hunt tactics in the early 1950s. His signed columns (1961-83) often rang with moral indignation on behalf of the disadvantaged.

DIED. Felix Bloch, 77, Swiss-born U.S. physicist who shared the 1952 Nobel Prize with American Edward Purcell for the study of nuclear magnetic resonance, a method of measuring the frequencies of signals emitted by atomic nuclei under the influence of radio waves in an electromagnetic field; of a heart attack; in Zurich. NMR has revolutionized medical science as a diagnostic method without the ionizing radiation of CAT-scan X rays or painful injections of contrast material.

DIED. William Fellner, 78, influential conservative economist; of a heart attack; in Washington, D.C. A Budapest businessman, Fellner emigrated to America in 1939, then taught at Berkeley and Yale before President Nixon appointed him to the three-member Council of Economic Advisers (1973-75). Fellner was perhaps best known for his analytical studies of inflation, which helped lead to the indexation of federal income taxes, approved by Congress in 1981 and scheduled to become effective in 1985.

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Cinema

Depardieu as Danton: a powerful parable of the modern-day West and Stalinoid East

Revolution As a Performing Art

DANTON *directed by Andrzej Wajda; Screenplay by Jean-Claude Carrière*

The rain pours down relentlessly, and the guillotine, disused for a blessed day, stands shrouded in black as the carriage rolls past it. Inside, Georges Danton, self-absorbed as usual, pays scant heed to the instrument with which in a matter of weeks he will find more intimate acquaintance. On this same grim morning in the winter of 1793-94, Maximilien Robespierre, whose health (and humanity) has been virtually consumed by the revolutionary fever that has burned within his puritanical soul for a lifetime, reluctantly awakens. He knows that with the return to Paris of Danton, once a colleague in revolution—now his mortal enemy—he must begin his final struggle, not just for power in the new, terror-ridden French Republic, but for posterity's good regard as well.

Danton scandalized the French left when it opened in Paris this year. This was partly because of its iconoclastic view of the title character, partly because it invests Robespierre with a complex intelligence that makes him more sympathetic than history generally has him. In a sense, though, that controversy is the least important aspect of the film for non-French viewers, who can afford a certain objectivity about another country's heroes and anti-heroes. They can see the principal figures as Director Wajda does, not so much in a historical landscape as in a moral one that has powerful modern relevance.

Revolutionaries fall into two main types: the romantic and the quasi-religious zealot. Danton, as envisioned by Wajda and Writer Jean-Claude Carrière (Buñuel's sometime collaborator) and brilliantly portrayed by Gérard Depardieu, is the former. Lazy, sensual and, above all, egocentric, he believes that he need do nothing but raise his famed orator's voice in order to bring the people to the counter-revolutionary barricades. Convinced of his own star qualities, he neglects to look back to see if anyone is actually following him or, despite warnings, to take practical steps to organize potential supporters. Less interested in acting decisively on history than in acting in it, he becomes the unnamed co-conspirator in his own destruction. Arrested and placed on show trial before a revolutionary tribunal, he refuses to fight or flee, since he is unable to resist a performer's apotheosis: a public defense of his life and opinions in a courtroom.

If Danton is cursed by unconsciousness, then Robespierre, played with icy power by Wajda's fellow Pole, Wojciech Pszoniak, is cursed by consciousness. He knows what he is destroying when he destroys Danton: passion and humanity, the soul of his revolution. But he cannot abandon his purity any more than Danton can abandon his passions. In ordering his rival's death, he knows he is ordering his own; henceforth all mistakes must inevitably be deadly ones, since not even he can live up to the standards of rectitude established in Danton's trial.

Wajda has said that Danton represents the West today, Robespierre the Stalinoid East. The film may even be a more intimate parable. Perhaps Danton is Lech Walesa, Robespierre General Jaruzelski. Certainly it shows revolutionary politics to be, as one French intellectual commented, "a pact with death." But however one reads it, Wajda's is a film of high dramatic power, at once a mature study of the revolutionary mentality and an absorbing intellectual spectacle. —*By Richard Schickel*

Nodding Off

CROSS CREEK
Directed by Martin Ritt
Screenplay by Dalene Young

In 1928 Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, a frustrated newspaper writer, left the cold North and set up residence in the lush remoteness of central Florida. The therapy was successful. She found herself; she found a pleasant local fellow whom she later married; she discovered a passel of good friends in the cracker families living around the creek bend; and out of her experiences she wrote the novel that made her famous, *The Yearling*, and later her memoir, *Cross Creek*.

Old-fashioned Hollywood weepies demanded that the audience surrender to the prejudices of gender: that women were delicate, noble creatures, emotional yearlings, easy prey for the stronger, predatory male. *Cross Creek* is an inspirational weepie, asking the viewer to nod off with it into a dream of American rural purity. There, a backwoods shack just has to house a community of decent souls, and poverty is God's way of saying "Trust to your own resources," and folks' closeness to the land makes them more sensitive to the changing seasons of the heart. These propositions may be true, but they need not be dramatized with the moist sentiment that sticks to this movie like Everglades humidity.

Good performances, especially by Rip Torn and Dana Hill, play against the sweetness and come close to expressing the wrenching loyalties of familial love. Peter Coyote, as Rawlings' future husband, exudes steely authority from behind his gentle smile and bow tie—a humanized George Will. But Mary Steenburgen, an actress of eaglet resourcefulness, looks both too frail and too stubborn to bring Rawlings to life. One wishes *Cross Creek* well; one wishes even more that it were better.

—By Richard Corliss

Coyote and Steenburgen in *Cross Creek*
A dream of American rural purity

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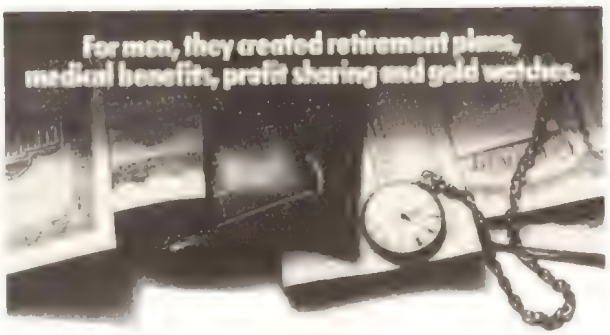


For women, they created Mother's Day.

Millions of midlife and older American women are trying to survive on a fraction of the benefits and income men receive.

But now there's a national organization working to change this. The Older Women's League ("OWL") has chapters nationwide, helping women who live in poverty, without medical benefits, without pensions. If you want to help, or want information, write: OWL National Headquarters, P.O. Box 11450, Washington, D.C. 20008.

Older Women's League

Sharing the Pain of Abortion

Men feel isolated, angry at themselves and their partners

A few weeks after the end of the affair, Sociologist Arthur Shostak boarded a train in Philadelphia with his former lover and accompanied her to an abortion clinic in the suburbs. Both were in favor of the operation, but Shostak was totally unprepared for the experience. He was still enraged over an earlier comment by a clinic staffer referring to the abortion as "the disposal of a clump of tissue." There was no counseling or literature for males, and the clinic barred him from the operating and recovery rooms. "I was in shock," he recalls. "Abortion is a man's issue too, and there is almost no one to help the million men who go through it every year."

Since then, Shostak has spent almost ten years studying the impact of abortion on men. His conclusion: abortion is a great, unrecognized trauma for males, perhaps the only major one that most men go through without help. Shostak, a professor at Philadelphia's Drexel University, surveyed a thousand male "abortion veterans" in 18 states who had accompanied their wives or girlfriends to abortion clinics. The survey, which will be the basis of a book,* showed that most of the men felt isolated, angry at themselves and their partners, and fearful of physical and emotional damage to the women. Three-quarters of the men had discussed the abortion only with the woman involved, partly out of a desire to protect her privacy, partly because they were not accustomed to expressing strong emotions. In most cases, the pregnancy should not have come as a surprise: almost 60% of the men said they and their partners had not used contraceptives or had relied on such relatively ineffective methods as withdrawal or rhythm. Although 93% of the men said they would do all they could to avoid future abortions, 30% were repeaters who had been there before.

In general, the men hid their stress and buried their own doubts beneath the desire to support the woman and "do the right thing." One-quarter of the men offered to pay the cost of child rearing if the woman decided against the abortion, and half of the single men said they offered to marry the woman involved. Some 26% thought of abortion as murder, and 81% said they thought about the child that might have been born, but very few wanted the right to overrule the woman. About 60% said that a woman should get an abortion even if her husband disapproved, and an overwhelming majority of 83% were opposed to a law that would forbid abortion.

Many expressed pain and outrage that their wishes and feelings were not taken into account by the woman, and 58% of the single men and 80% of the married men said that both the man and woman should have an equal say in the decision. Says Shostak: "Men wanted to share, not impose, the decision making."

Many of the men broke down and cried during interviews for the study. Says Arnold Medvene, a psychologist at the University of Maryland Counseling Center: "Abortion is one of the major death experiences that men go through. It resurrects very important, very primitive issues, memories and feelings." Or as one of the men in the survey put it, "It's a wound you cannot see or feel, but it exists." Some felt guilty and angry, some were merely relieved. But the most common reaction was a feeling of helplessness. "Many men are into being in control of a situation, and in this situation they are not in control," points out Andre Watson, a health educator at the Planned Parenthood Men's Center in Washington, D.C. "They feel powerless, and many are not used to it."

Shostak believes males almost always approach an abortion decision in an abstract, aloof way, stressing duty, rights and rules. What many women perceive as an infuriatingly cold attitude, he says, is the standard male effort to control emotions and arrive at a moral principle that makes sense. Says Anne Baker, an abortion counselor at the Hope Clinic for Women in Granite City, Ill.: "The men might be intellectual about the decision, saying, 'This is the best thing to do,' but they don't actually tell the woman that they feel sad about it or angry about it. Feelings just do not come out."

Most of the clinics, according to Shostak, give only cursory attention to the men. Some plead lack of funds or space, and others see a threat to the woman's autonomy. Former Abortion Counselor Roger Wade, author of the pamphlet *For Men About Abortion*, thinks the clinics are often guided by a lingering stereotype of the male as the impregnating culprit, and Baker says that this view is occasionally justified. Says she: "Some of the men are so inhumane you can't believe it." All too often, pregnant teen-agers hear their boyfriends say, "It's your problem."

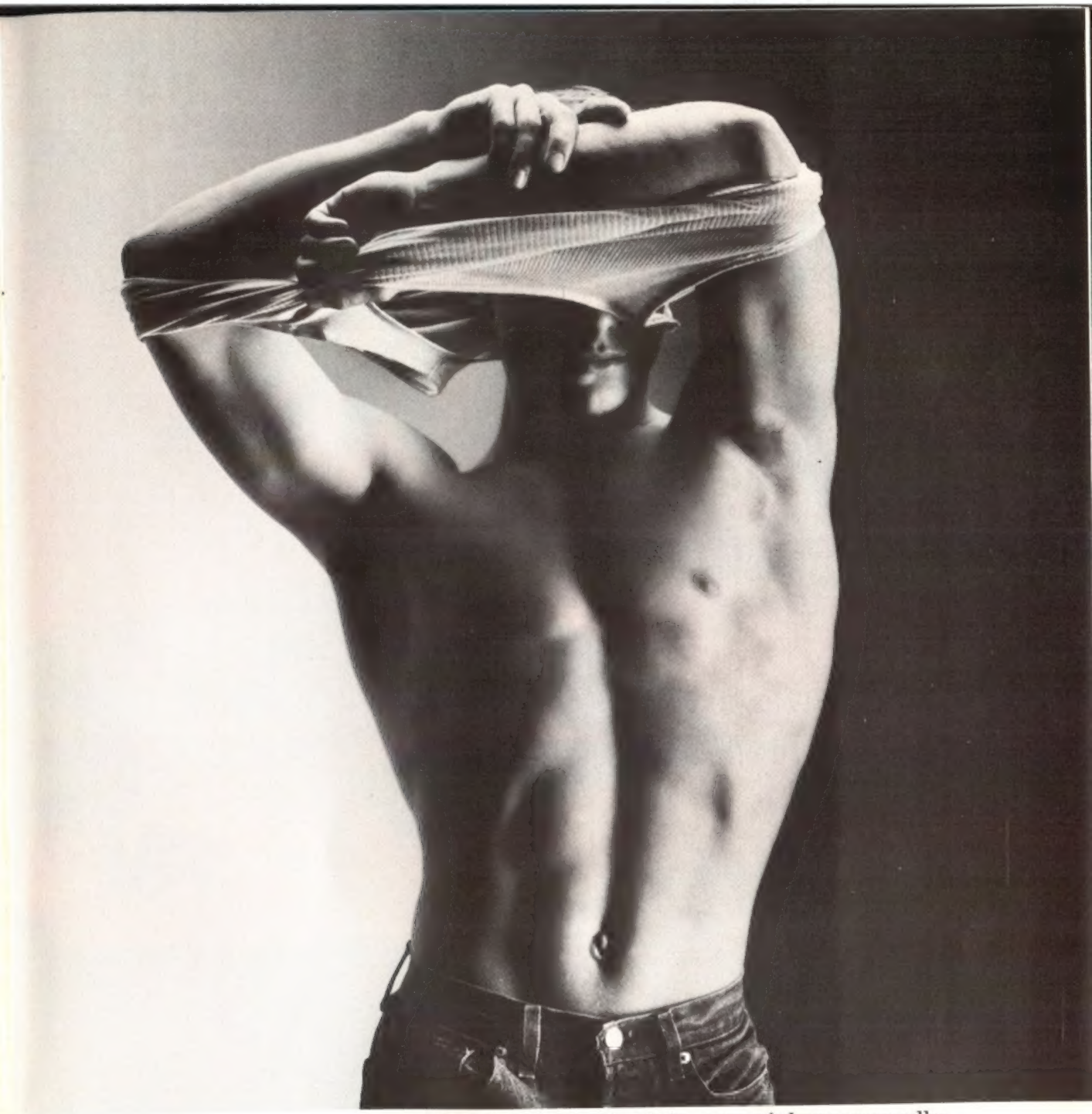
Planned Parenthood refused to let Shostak distribute his questionnaires at 45 affiliates that perform abortions, on the ground that many of the questions would upset women. "Men are unhappy about this because they feel they are losing a sense of power they have had over women for centuries," says Louise Tyrer, vice president of medical affairs at Planned Parenthood. "But it doesn't matter how much men scream and holler that they are being left out. There are some things that they are never going to be able to experience fully. I say tough luck. It is the woman's body that is pregnant, and the Supreme Court has clearly given the woman the right to make the decision."

That hard-line view may owe something to the fear that attention to males at clinics will ultimately raise moral qualms about abortion. "Counseling draws attention to the tragic nature of abortion," writes Counselor Peter Zelles of the Midwest Health Center for Women. "Abortion is a *woman's* choice, and while I agree with the logic, sense and necessity of this, I also realize there is an inherent unfairness in it." Shostak thinks the matter is simple: it takes two to make a pregnancy, and like it or not, both are involved with the result. —*By John Leo.*

Reported by Val Castronovo/New York

**Men and Abortion: Lessons, Losses, and Love*, by Arthur Shostak, Gary McLouth and Lynn Seng, will be published in 1984 by Praeger

Illustration for TIME by Frances Jetter



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